

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, and Sciences.

No. 1783.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1851.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The Directors of the Royal Italian Opera beg most respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers, and the Public, that the SEASON of 1851 will commence on Saturday next, March 29th.
Boxes and Stalls may be engaged, and full particulars obtained, at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open from Eleven until Five o'Clock.

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W. J. ROPER, Assistant-Secretary.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. No. CX.—ADVERTISEMENTS intended for insertion are requested to be forwarded to the Publishers before Saturday, the 29th, and BILLS not later than Monday, the 31st instant.
London: Longman, Brown, and Co., 39, Paternoster Row.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW. No. CLXXVI.—ADVERTISEMENTS for the forthcoming Number must be forwarded to the Publisher by the 21st, and BILLS for insertion by the 26th instant.
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

JOURNAL of the ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, 3, Waterloo Place.—PART II. of Vol. XX. will be published in a few days.
CONTENTS: Isthmus of Central America, with Map—Tibet and Siam—African Geography—Physical Geography of Palestine—Northern Frontier of Nepal—The Kubbabish Arabs—Travels in Central Africa—Sources of the Nile—Late Travels in Arabia, with Map—Middle Island of New Zealand, with Map.
Advertisements and Bills to be sent in at once.
NORTON SHAW, Secretary.

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"Every man," he says truly, "has at some time of his life personal interest in architecture. He has influence on the design of some public building; or he has to buy, or build, or alter his own house. It signifies less, whether the knowledge of other arts be general or not; men may live without buying pictures or statues; but in architecture all must in some way commit themselves; they must do mischief, and waste their money, if they do not know how to turn it to account. Churches, and shops, and warehouses, and cottages, and small row, and place, and terrace houses, must be built and lived in, however joyless and inconvenient. And it is assuredly intended that all of us should have knowledge, and act upon our knowledge, in matters in which we are daily concerned, and not be left to the caprice of architects, or mercy of contractors."

Those who live in cities are peculiarly dependent for enjoyment upon the beauty of its architectural features. Shut out from mountain, river, lake, forest, cliff, and hedgerow, they must either find in streets and squares food for pleasant contemplation, or be drawn into indifference by meaningless, ill-proportioned, or unsightly forms.

"We are forced," says Mr. Ruskin, "for the sake of accumulating our power and knowledge, to live in cities; but such advantage as we have in association with each other, is in great part counterbalanced by our loss of fellowship with nature. We cannot all have our gardens now, nor our pleasant fields to meditate in at eventide. Then the function of our architecture is, as far as may be, to replace these; to tell us about nature; to possess us with memories of her quietness; to be solemn and full of tenderness like her, and rich in portraiture of her; full of delicate imagery of the flowers we can no more gather, and of the living creatures now far away from us in their own solitude. If ever you felt or found this in a London street; if ever it furnished you with one serious thought, or one ray of true and gentle pleasure; if there is in your heart a true delight in its green railings, and dark casements, and wasteful finery of shops, and feeble coxcombry of club-houses, it is well; promote the building of more like them. But if they never taught you anything, and never made you happier as you passed beneath them, do not think they have any mysterious goodness or occult sublimity. Have

done with the wretched affectation, the futile barbarism, of pretending to enjoy; for, as surely as you know that the meadow grass, meshed with fairy rings, is better than the wood pavement cut into hexagons; and as surely as you know the fresh winds and sunshine of the upland are better than the choke-damp of the vault, or the gaslight of the ball-room, you may know that the good architecture which has life, and truth, and joy in it, is better than the bad architecture, which has death, dishonesty, and vexation of heart in it, from the beginning to the end of time."

To show what this good architecture is, how it is produced, and to what end, is the object of the present volume. It is, consequently, purely elementary, and introductory merely to the illustration, to be furnished in the next volume from the architectural riches of Venice, of the principles, to the development of which it is devoted. Beginning from the beginning, Mr. Ruskin carries his reader through the whole details of construction with an admirable clearness of exposition, and by a process which necessitates thought, and leaves him at the close in a position to apply the principles which he has learned by the way, and to form an intelligent and independent judgment upon any form of architectural structure. The argument of the book hangs too closely together to be indicated by extracts, or by any analysis within the limits to which we are confined. Like all Mr. Ruskin's writings, however, it abounds with passages of universal interest:—

"We have two qualities of buildings for subjects of separate inquiry; their action, and aspect, and the source of virtue in both; that is to say, strength and beauty, both of these being less admired in themselves than as testifying the intelligence or imagination of the builder.

"For we have a worthier way of looking at human than at divine architecture; much of the value, both of construction and decoration, in the edifices of men, depends upon our being led by the thing produced or adorned, to some contemplation of the powers of mind concerned in its creation or adornment. We are not so led by divine work, but are content to rest in the contemplation of the thing created. We take pleasure, or should take pleasure, in architectural construction. Altogether, in the manifestation of an admirable human intelligence, it is not the strength, not the size, not the finish of the work which we are to venerate; rocks are always stronger, mountains always larger, all natural objects more finished; but it is the intelligence and resolution of man in overcoming physical difficulty which are to be the source of our pleasure and subject of our praise. And, again, in decoration or beauty, it is less the actual loveliness of the thing produced than the choice and invention concerned in the production, which are to delight us; the love and the thoughts of the workman more than his work; his work must always be imperfect, but his thoughts and affections must be true and deep.

"This origin of our pleasure in architecture I must insist upon at somewhat greater length, for I would fain do away with some of the ungrateful coldness which we show towards the good builders of old time. In no art is there closer connexion between our delight in the work and our admiration of the workman's mind than in architecture, and yet we rarely ask for a builder's name. The patron at whose cost, the monk through whose dreaming the foundation was laid, we remember occasionally; never the man who verily did the work. Did the reader ever hear of William of Sens, as having had anything to do with Canterbury Cathedral? or of Pietro Basegio, as in anywise connected with the Ducal Palace of Venice? There is much ingratitude and injustice in this; and therefore I desire my reader to observe carefully how much of his pleasure is derived, or should be derived, from admiration of the intellect of men whose names he knows not.

"The two virtues of architecture which we can justly weigh, are, we said, its strength or good construction, and its beauty or good decoration. Consider, therefore, first, what you mean when you say a building is well constructed or well built; you do not merely mean that it answers its purpose, —this is much, and many modern buildings fail of this much,—but if it be verily well built, it must answer this purpose in the simplest way, and with no over-expenditure of means."

A principle this, which was utterly lost sight of in the Menai tubular bridges; but which will hereafter form a large drawback upon the reputation of the engineer of these needlessly expensive works.

"We require of a lighthouse, for instance, that it shall stand firm and carry a light; if it do not this, assuredly it has been ill built; but it may do it to the end of time, and yet not be well built. It may have hundreds of tons of stone in it more than were needed, and have cost thousands of pounds more than it ought. To pronounce it well or ill built, we must know the utmost forces it can have to resist, and the best arrangements of stone for encountering them, and the quickest ways of effecting such arrangements; then only, so far as such arrangements have been chosen, and such methods used, is it well built. Then the knowledge of all difficulties to be met, and of all means of meeting them, and the quick and true fancy or invention of the modes of applying the means to the end, are what we have to admire in the builder, even as he is seen through this first or inferior part of his work. Mental power, observe,—not muscular, nor mechanical, nor technical, nor empirical,—pure, precious, majestic, massy intellect; not to be had at vulgar price, nor received without thanks, and without asking from whom."

Following out his division of the qualities requisite in an edifice, Mr. Ruskin says, in reference to decoration:—

"The first thing we have to ask of the decoration is, that it should indicate strong liking, and that honestly. It matters not so much what the thing is, as that the builder should really love and enjoy it, and say so plainly. The architect of Bourges Cathedral liked hawthorns; so he has covered his porch with hawthorn,—it is a perfect Niobe of May. Never was such hawthorn; you would try to gather it forthwith but for fear of being pricked. The old Lombard architects liked hunting; so they covered their work with horses and hounds, and men blowing trumpets two yards long. The base Renaissance architects of Venice liked masking and fiddling; so they covered their work with comic masks and musical instruments. Even that was better than our English way of liking nothing, and professing to like triglyphs. But the second requirement in decoration, is sign of our liking the right thing. And the right thing to be liked is God's work, which he made for our delight and contentment in this world. And all noble ornamentation is the expression of man's delight in God's work."

There is deep observation in what follows:—

"As regards decoration, I want you only to consult your own natural choice and liking. There is a right and wrong in it; but you will assuredly like the right if you suffer your natural instinct to lead you. *Half the evil in this world comes from people not knowing what they do like, not deliberately setting themselves to find out what they really enjoy.* All people enjoy giving away money, for instance; they don't know that, they rather think they like keeping it; and they do keep it under this false impression, often to their great discomfort. Every body likes to do good, but not one in a hundred finds this out. Multitudes think they like to do evil; yet no man ever really enjoyed doing evil since God made the world."

This is, perhaps, carrying the point too far. Iago is not a monstrosity. He enjoys doing evil for the evil's sake, and he is a type of actual experience. But to return:—

"So in this lesser matter of argument. It needs some little care to try experiments upon yourself; it needs deliberate question and upright answer. But there is no difficulty to be overcome; no abstruse reasoning to be gone into; only a little watchfulness needed, and thoughtfulness, and so much honesty as will enable you to confess to yourself, and to all men, *that you enjoy things, though great authorities say you should not.* This looks somewhat like pride; but it is true humility, a trust that you have been so created as to enjoy what is fitting for you, and to be pleased as it was intended you should be. It is the child's spirit, which we are then most happy when we most recover; only wiser than children in that we are ready to think it subject of thankfulness that we can still be pleased with a fair colour or a dancing light. And, above all, do not try to make all these pleasures reasonable, nor to connect the delight which you take in ornament with that which you take in construction or usefulness. They have no connexion, and every effort that you make to reason from the one to the other will blunt your sense of beauty, or confuse it with sensations altogether inferior to it. You were made for enjoyment, and the world was filled with things which you will enjoy, unless you are too proud to be pleased by them, or too grasping to care for what you cannot turn to other account than mere delight. Remember that the most beautiful things in the world are the most useless; peacocks and lilies for instance. At least I suppose this quill I hold in my hand writes better than a peacock's would, and the peasants of Vevay, whose fields in spring time are as white with lilies as the Dent du Midi is with snow, told me the hay was none the better for them."

We learn from one of Mr. Ruskin's notes, that the drawings in his 'Seven Lamps of Architecture' have been objected to as coarse and disagreeable. The objection surprises us; for, in truth, as well as in picturesque force, it seemed to us that they surpassed anything in the way of architectural illustration which had been attempted before. Fine as they were, however, they are surpassed by the plates in the present volume. They have all their force, with more picturesque beauty, and speak to the eye with all the vividness of reality,—so much so that several are more like exquisite calotypes than copies of drawings. As drawings, they are of the first class; as illustrations, they are altogether invaluable. How these drawings are taken Mr. Ruskin tells us. The result is well worth the labour, not unmixed with danger, to which we owe them—

"It is not so easy as the reader, perhaps, imagines, to finish a drawing altogether on the spot, especially of details seventy feet from the ground; and any one who will try the position in which I have had to do some of my work,—standing, namely, on a cornice or window sill, holding by one arm round a shaft, and hanging over the street, (or canal, at Venice,) with my sketch book supported against the wall from which I was drawing by my breast, so as to leave my right hand free—will not thenceforward wonder that shadows should be occasionally carelessly laid in, or lines drawn with some unsteadiness. But, steady or infirm, the sketches of which these plates in the 'Seven Lamps' are facsimiles were made from the architecture itself, and represent that architecture with its actual shadows at the time of day at which it was drawn, and with every fissure and line of it as they now exist; so that when I am speaking of some new point, which perhaps the drawing was not intended to illustrate, I can yet turn back to it with perfect certainty that if any thing be found in it bearing on matters now in hand, I may depend on it just as securely as if I had gone back to look again at the building."

In the following passage, Mr. Ruskin puts a theme for consideration, which, in these days

of misdirected religious excitement, may be pondered with advantage:—

"There has now been peace between England and the continental powers about thirty-five years, and during that period the English have visited the continent at the rate of many thousands a year, staying there, I suppose, on the average, each two or three months; nor these an inferior kind of English, but the kind which ought to be the best,—the noblest born, the best taught, the richest in time and money, having more knowledge, leisure, and power than any other portion of the nation. These, we might suppose, beholding, as they travelled, the condition of the states in which the Papal religion is professed, and being, at the same time, the most enlightened section of a great Protestant nation, would have been animated with some desire to dissipate the Romanist errors and to communicate to others the better knowledge which they possessed themselves. I doubt not but that He who gave peace upon the earth, and gave it by the hand of England, expected this much of her, and has watched every one of the millions of her travellers as they crossed the sea, and kept count for him of his travelling expenses, and of their distribution, in a manner of which neither the traveller nor his courier were at all informed. I doubt not, I say, but that such accounts have been literally kept for all of us, and that a day will come when they will be made clearly legible to us, and when we shall see added together on one side of the account book a great sum, the certain portion, whatever it may be, of this thirty-five years' spendings of the rich English, accounted for in this manner:—

"To wooden spoons, nut-crackers, and jewellery, bought at Geneva, and elsewhere among the Alps, so much; to shell cameos and bits of mosaic bought at Rome, so much; to glass beads at Venice, and gold filigree at Genoa, so much; to pictures, and statues, and ornaments, everywhere, so much; to ball-dresses and general vanities, so much. This, I say, will be the sum on one side of the book, and on the other will be written,—

"To the struggling Protestant churches of France, Switzerland, and Piedmont, so much."

"Had we not better do this piece of statistics for ourselves in time?"

We must find room for the admirable piece of word painting with which the volume closes, and which will be enjoyed scarcely less by the reader who has not gone over the ground described, as by him who has:—

"And now come with me, for I have kept you too long from your gondola; come with me, on an autumnal morning, through the dark gates of Padua, and let us take the broad road leading towards the East."

"It lies level for a league or two, between its elms and vine festoons full laden, their thin leaves veined into scarlet hectic, and their clusters deepened into gloomy blue; then mounts an embankment above the Brenta, and runs between the river and the broad plain, which stretches to the north in endless lines of mulberry and maize. The Brenta flows slowly, but strongly; a muddy volume of yellowish-gray water, that neither hastens nor slackens, but glides heavily between its monotonous banks, with here and there a short, babbling eddy, twisted for an instant into its opaque surface, and vanishing as if something had been dragged into it and gone down. Dusty and shadeless the road fares along the dyke on its northern side; and the tall white tower of Dolo is seen trembling in the heat mist far away, and never seems nearer than it did at first. Presently you pass one of the much vaunted 'villas on the Brenta'; a glaring spectral shell of brick and stucco, its windows with painted architraves like picture-frames, and a court-yard paved with pebbles in front of it, all burning in the thick glow of the feverish sunshine, but fenced from the high road, for magnificence' sake, with goodly posts and chains; then another of Kew Gothic, with Chinese variations, painted red and green; a third, composed for the greater part of dead wall, with fictitious windows

painted upon it, each with a pea-green blind, and a classical architrave in bad perspective; and a fourth, with stucco figures set on the top of its garden wall; some antique, like the kind to be seen at the corner of the New-road, and some of clumsy grotesque dwarfs, with fat bodies and large boots. This is the architecture to which her studies of the Renaissance have conducted modern Italy."

"The sun climbs steadily, and warms into intense white the walls of the little piazza of Dolo, where we change horses. Another dreary stage among the now divided branches of the Brenta, forming irregular and half-stagnant canals, with one or two more villas on the other side of them, but these of the old Venetian type, and sinking fast into utter ruin, black, and rent, and lonely, set close to the edge of the dull water, with what were once small gardens beside them, kneaded into mud, and with blighted fragments of gnarled hedges and broken stakes for their fencing; and here and there a few fragments of marble steps, which have once given them graceful access from the water's edge, now settling into the mud in broken joints, all aslope, and slippery with green weed. At last the road turns sharply to the north, and there is an open space, covered with bent grass, off the right of it; but do not look that way."

"Five minutes more, and we are in the upper room of the little inn at Mestre, glad of a moment's rest in shade. The table is always (I think) covered with a cloth of nominal white and perennial gray, with plates and glasses at due intervals, and small loaves of a peculiar white bread, made with oil, and more like knots of flour than bread. The view from its balcony is not cheerful: a narrow street with a solitary brick church and barren campanile on the other side of it; and some conventual buildings, with a few crimson remnants of fresco about their windows; and between them and the street a ditch with some slow current in it, and one or two small houses beside it, one with an arbour of roses at its door, as in an English tea-garden; the air, however, about us having nothing of roses, but a close smell of garlic and crabs, warmed by the smoke of various stands of hot chestnuts. There is much vociferation also going on beneath the windows respecting certain wheelbarrows, which are in rivalry for our baggage; we appease their rivalry with our best patience, and follow them down the narrow street."

"We have but walked about two hundred yards when we come to a low wharf or quay, at the extremity of a canal, with long steps on each side down to the water, which latter we fancy for an instant has become black with stagnation; another glance undeceives us,—it is covered with the black boats of Venice. We enter one of them, rather to try if they be real boats or not, than with any definite purpose, and glide away; at first feeling as if the water were yielding continually beneath the boat, and letting her sink into soft vacancy. It is something clearer than any water we have seen lately, and of a pale green; the banks only two or three feet above it, of mud and rank grass, with here and there a stunted tree, gliding swiftly past the small casement of the gondola, as if they were dragged by upon a painted scene."

"Stroke by stroke, we count the plunges of the oar, each heaving up the side of the boat slightly, as her silver beak shoots forward. We lose patience, and extricate ourselves from the cushions: the sun air blows keenly by, as we stand leaning on the roof of the floating cell. In front, nothing to be seen but long canal and level bank; to the west, the tower of Mestre is lowering fast, and behind it there have risen purple shapes, of the colour of dead rose-leaves, all round the horizon, feebly defined against the afternoon sky,—the alps of Bassano. Forward still; the endless canal bends at last, and then breaks into intricate angles about some low bastions, now torn to pieces, and staggering in ugly rents towards the water,—the bastions of the fort of Malghera. Another turn and another perspective of canal, but not interminable. The silver beak cleaves it fast,—it widens; the rank grass of the banks sinks lower and lower, and at last dies

tawny knots along an expanse of weedy shore. Over it, on the right, but a few years back, we might have seen the lagoon stretching to the horizon, and the warm southern sky bending over Malinbeg to the sea. Now we can see nothing but what seems a low and monotonous dockyard wall, with flat arches to let the tide through it;—this is the railroad bridge, conspicuous above all things. But at the end of those dismal arches there rises, out of the wide water, a straggling line of low and confused brick buildings, which, but for the many towers which are mingled among them, might be the suburbs of an English manufacturing town. Four or five domes, pale, and apparently at a greater distance, rise over the centre of the line; but the object which first catches the eye is a sullen cloud of black smoke brooding over the northern half of it, and which issues from the belfry of a church.

"It is Venice."

Mr. Ruskin will, we trust, allow only so much time to elapse as is necessary for his readers thoroughly to master the contents of the present volume, and then take them with him into the heart of that city of the fancy and the affections.

The Saxon in Ireland; or, the Rambles of an Englishman in Search of a Settlement in the West of Ireland. Murray.

THIS volume contains the narrative of two journeys made through the western portion of Ireland by one who was induced by reverse of fortune to emigrate. He selects the sister Isle in preference to Trans-atlantic and antipodal countries, and an acquaintance with the scenes described leads us to regard our author as an impartial and faithful narrator. Without being blind to the natural defects of the Irish character, he is convinced that it contains the elements of prosperity, and that the great latent agricultural resources of Ireland require only capital to be developed. After an extensive tour in the west, he writes:—

"At each step I take in this land, so highly favoured by nature, my ideas of its desirableness and capabilities increase, and I look with wonder at the general state of neglect and poverty in which some of the finest and most beautiful districts in these kingdoms are suffered to remain. Nationally speaking, the Irish are neither deficient in talent nor in industry. During my progress I have met with a larger average of well-informed intelligent persons than I have been accustomed to meet with even in my own country. One reason may be, that the people here are more polite and more communicative;—they certainly are occasionally most pleasant travelling companions, and abound in those little courtesies and pleasing attentions, particularly towards strangers, in which the English are too often so lamentably deficient. I will never believe that the English are really unpopular in Ireland: every mile he advances must convince the traveller to the contrary. Whilst I was in Connemara I heard universal regret expressed by the inhabitants of all grades, that the English had not bought up the Martin Estates. 'All we want,' said an intelligent man whom I met and conversed with at Flynn's, near Ballinahinch—'All we want is English capital and English spirit, and,' added he, more earnestly, 'English justice, so that a poor man may get a fair day's wage for a fair day's work.' And this, indeed, seems the great evil of the country: the proprietors, as a body, seem to have little or no money, and therefore the people have no work."

In all this we entirely concur. The introduction of capital will, we feel convinced, effect for Ireland all that the optimist could desire. It will be a remedy operating *tuto cito et jucunde*, and surely that state of things is most anomalous when British capitalists

commit their wealth to the mercy of unsettled governments and wild speculators, removed from us by the breadth of mighty oceans, in place of trusting even a tithe of it to develop the resources of Ireland, which would be crowned by abundant profits. In the course of our author's wanderings in the far west, he met with some English friends who had formed a settlement at Glenduff, to the north of Achill, and their reports of that part of the country finally determined him to settle near them.

"My new domain is 845 acres; at present only 12 are arable, 26 tolerable enclosed meadow and pasture; the remainder is in part black bog, about two to three feet deep, on a substratum of clay and gravel, and high land, occupying the entire of a lofty knoll, an offset of the adjoining mountains. Half-way up the southern side of this green hill is a beautiful spring, which, bursting copiously from the rock, even at this dry season, promises abundance of excellent water for all purposes. Near this spot will be our future home! Yesterday, the evening being fine, we all made an excursion to view the new place. Mrs. S. and the children were delighted; it was amusing to hear the thousand impracticable plans propounded by the juniors of the party. The capabilities are certainly encouraging. A kind of natural platform here interrupts the gradual slope of the ground. This may be made considerably wider eastward of the spring, with but little trouble, so that there will be ample room for the house and required offices; the garden we have planned out also; it is to be westward of the house, and will be formed in three terraces, with sloping banks. Below it is a clear, natural pool, several hundred yards in circumference, which will be most useful. This, also, is supplied from a spring, which may be turned through the garden, if necessary. Over distant Doona, the waters of Blacksod Bay sparkle in the distance. Rocky Deevil-lawn is seen far, far at sea. Slievemore raises his cone-like summit into the skies; on the left is dark Curraun and the Ballycroy mountains; to the right, Corslieve and Slieve Alp. Before us an undulating plain stretching for two miles to the foot of the mountains, and disclosing here and there the still surface of many a small lake reposing in the quiet hollows. Richard O'Malley, Mr. S.'s right hand man, of whom I have before made mention, first pointed out this spot to me. He said it had often struck him as more eligible than Glenduff, and as enjoying many advantages that did not exist there. He had been busy all the morning, at the request of his master, in staking out the site of the house and garden, and he has also been indefatigable in his search after a proper stone for the buildings. As I intend the whole of the interior to be battened, and the exterior walls to be thickly stuccoed with stone lime or cement, if I can procure it, there will not be any elaborate masonry required, so that we shall have little difficulty in collecting stone sufficient for our purpose. The foundations will be deep and firmly grouted with freshly slacked lime, the interstices of the stones being filled with pebbles much in the same mode in which Doona Castle is built. The rising ground behind the house will be planted up to the summit of the hill, leaving a space of about 100 yards between the buildings and the plantation fence. I have also arranged, notwithstanding a smile from my new friends at the oddity of the idea, to have our parlour exactly of the same size, height, and aspect, as the dear old oak room at home; and we will have the same furniture, books, and pictures, so that perchance, we may sometimes forget that we are in a new and strange land. Mr. S. shakes his head when I talk thus, and says it would be better, as much as possible, to avoid reminiscences, and begin life as it were anew. Perhaps he is right. Had I never known my English home I could have better loved this. But no doubt we shall soon be reconciled to the change. At all events, we shall have too much upon our hands to waste time in reminiscences; and as our new home improves under our labours, our interest

in it will, of course, increase, and our regrets gradually subside. Then, this is not like a new country. It is historical all over—full of the associations of olden times, yielding the same fruits, raising the same crops, inhabited by the same animals, birds, and fishes, as merry England—similar in climate, and occupied by a people intermixed with our own race, and speaking our own language. In about sixteen hours we may at any time step on English ground, and in eight hours more, pace the streets of London."

Our author is cast in the right mould. With colonies peopled with such men prosperity would not be doubtful; and we heartily wish that his excellent practical example were followed by large numbers of his countrymen. There are, unhappily, too many mere colonization schemers;—men who devise quadrilateral communities and social parallelograms, but whose mathematical skill has not yet succeeded in squaring the circle of an existence which shall be happy to themselves and beneficial to their neighbours.

Although our author is no professed tourist in search of the picturesque, yet, when occasion offers, he is not insensible to the charms of a landscape or an ivy-mantled ruin. Nor is he an indifferent painter, as the following picture of the old Abbey of Ross, on Lough Mask, attests:—

"The further I advanced, the more gloomy did the scene become. Not a human being crossed my path—no groups of cattle—no flocks of sheep were to be seen in the rank pastures, and no sound broke in upon the almost unnatural stillness save the hoarse croakings of an ill-boding raven. The air was oppressive. Heavy clouds, surcharged with rain, hovered over my head, and among the distant mountains was again heard the voice of the mighty thunder. I hurried forward. The path was scarcely perceptible, for the grass was long and rank, and wet with the preceding rains. At length, within the deep recesses of a grove of huge trees, I could trace the roofless gables of an ancient building. I paused, for it was a singular scene of utter desolation: it was manifest that no part of this ancient establishment had escaped destruction, save portions of the church. Looking upon the place in all its solitary wildness, it was difficult to conceive that it had ever been the abode of living men; and that the busy scenes of life, for such even a monastery presents, had ever been enacted here. The aspect of this spot was as if it were not only totally deserted, but unknown. With a feeling of awe I approached nearer to the ruins. The dark clouds and the thick foliage cast an unwonted gloom over the place. Around the roofless building were many graves unfenced from the inroads of cattle or other animals. Many a cross of wood and stone was there—many a sculptured head-stone, overgrown with moss, rose from amid the green mounds, beneath which slept the mouldering remnants of many generations. Cautiously picking my way, I at length gained the other side of the ruin, and stood in front of the ancient porch. It had been once handsome, and bore many marks of skilful workmanship; but the hand of destruction as well as of time had been busy here. The entrance was half choked with rubbish and masses of disjointed stonework. The noisome nettle and the henbane luxuriated, and out of the deep fissures in the walls grew masses of ivy and the spreading branches of an elder tree. Turning from the building, the view was still wild and solitary, but beautiful and unexpected. The waters of Lough Mask washed a pebbly strand not far from the spot where I stood. Two wooded islands cast their deep shadows on the lake; and far to the left, bounding the broad expanse, rose the mountains of Kilbride and the towering cliffs of Glenbeg. As I gazed, heavy drops of rain began to fall, the clouds seemed heavy with mischief, and rolled onwards in long dark masses. In vain I looked around for some cottage or shed, into which I might hasten for shelter; the rain began

to fall heavily, and a flash of lightning, succeeded rapidly by a clap of thunder, which reverberated awfully among the rocks and woods, drove me at once through the half choked porch into the interior of the ruins, perchance some friendly corner might there present itself. I found myself in the nave of the ancient conventual church. No portion of the roof was left: a large ash tree grew in the centre, luxuriating in the rich accumulations around; and over the side walls thick masses of ivy clustered, affording me a precarious shelter. Standing close to the wall I looked around. What a scene of barbarous neglect! Could it be possible that from this place, so desecrated, the voice of prayer and praise could ever have ascended to the throne of the Most High? Could holy abbots and reverend fathers ever have consorted here, devoting their days to acts of Christian worship, and their nights to pious vigils? My blood ran cold as my eye pierced the gloom and rested upon objects the most abhorrent and disgusting. Large stones thrown from the walls were scattered around, and among them were the sad relics of bodies once instinct with life. I counted no less than sixty skulls! To remain was impossible. Though vivid flashes of lightning threw a momentary glare around, and loud and continued bursts of thunder proclaimed the tempest at its height, I hastily left the spot, and as I gained the open glades of the park felt much relieved, that this my first and probably last visit to the old abbey of Ross was achieved."

We have all heard, or heard of, the echoes of Killarney, but it appears that they are far surpassed by those at Ballyeroy, near our author's new home. Their existence was ascertained by a strange and very original tourist, whose sole occupation during his wanderings appears to have been the discovery of these 'voices of nature,' as he calls them:—

"There was not any part of Ireland, Scotland, or Wales with which he was not familiar. He had visited Switzerland, too, but the mountains and valleys there, he said, were on too vast a scale for his purpose. In Merionethshire and Snowdonia, and other parts of North Wales, he had been very successful, as also in the western Highlands of Scotland; but it was in the wilder districts of Connaught and Munster that he most delighted. In Glen Inagh, not far from the head of Kylemore Lake, at the foot of Mulrea mountain, near the Killeries on the western side of Croagh Patrick, and in Ballyeroy, near the lake of Carreg a-biniogh, and in a spot between Corseelieve and Nephin Beg mountains, he had awakened, he said, responses that might almost be thought superhuman: the valleys and cliffs seemed to start into life, and their voices were lifted up as if they were living things. 'But,' said he, lowering his voice, 'it were vain for you or any other mortal to attempt to find out these peculiar spots. I alone discovered them, and with me the knowledge of their existence will die. As no living man has the powers of invitation that I possess, so is it vain to expect from Nature a similar response. It cannot be.' I readily assented to this assertion, being, of course, quite convinced that the response of the echo must be more or less wonderful according to the skill of the musician. My companion was in all respects a gentleman, was a first-rate judge of the laws of harmony, knew the merits and demerits of all the principal composers and artists of the day, intermingled many interesting anecdotes with his disquisitions, and criticised with taste and learning. Ere we parted for the night, he invited me to accompany him on the following morning on an excursion into the Ballyeroy mountains; and it was in this valley, not very far from the spot in which we are now sitting, that he gave me a specimen of his powers of 'awakening the voice of Nature.' He placed me on a certain spot; and exacting a promise that I would not follow him, he retired, and in about a quarter of an hour gave me such a treat in his peculiar art as I can never forget. To describe it is impossible. No band of instrumental music in the world could equal it. The reverberations were perfectly astounding. The rocks and mountains

seemed alive with the soul of harmony; the softest and wildest notes floated on the air, now close, now distant; now dying away in some distant recess of the valley, now awakening louder and louder among the cliffs and precipices; at one moment faint as the whisper of the breeze, at another loud, clear, and bold as the trumpet of the Archangel."

Pity it is that the Laureate who was inspired by the 'voices at Killarney' to write his exquisite 'Bugle Song,' did not hear the echoes of Ballyeroy, for, according to the 'echo hunter,' they are unrivalled. But could we hope for anything more beautiful than this:—

"Oh hark, Oh hear, how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
Oh sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying."

We cannot close this volume without thanking the author for the pleasure which its perusal has afforded us. We are not of that class who regard the prospects of Ireland as dark and hopeless. A letter from the present Lord Lieutenant, which we had the privilege of seeing a short time ago, stated his lordship's conviction, founded on extensive inquiries, that the social condition of that country was improving; and we are so satisfied that this is the case, that we cordially agree in the opinion,—if the settler in Ireland but take the Scripture rule for his guide, "to do justly, to love mercy," &c., he may pursue his avocations there unmolested, and live and die in peace.

Elementary Anatomy and Physiology, for Schools and Private Instruction. By William Lovett. Darton & Co.

NOTHING shows the instinctive tendency in the human mind to pry into causes, and obtain knowledge by observation, more strikingly than the irresistible propensity in children to pull to pieces their toys, in order to see how they are made. How many dolls have come to an untimely end through the endeavours to discover the anatomical mechanism by which the eyelids opened and closed! What more common cause of destruction of all playthings that include anything of mechanism in their construction than this innate desire to comprehend the nature of the machine? And if, then, this be one of the most general, as well as earliest, manifestations of the mode in which the mind endeavours to gain ideas, why should not children be allowed the opportunity of knowing something about their own framework, and the mechanism of their own movements?

To afford them this opportunity is the aim of the little work by William Lovett, entitled 'Elementary Anatomy and Physiology, for Schools and Private Instruction,' compiled and abridged from some of the best modern works on those sciences. The information is conveyed in brief and clear sentences, explanations being appended of all the technical terms that necessarily enter into the propositions. A series of questions at the conclusion of each section or lesson require for their answers a summary of the facts previously explained. The subject is illustrated by ten well-selected and well-executed coloured plates. The first gives a front view of the skeleton and a few detached bones. The second and third plates are of the muscles, with an instructive diagram of the structure of the skin. The fourth plate displays the parts contained in the cranium, the thorax, and abdomen, and affords a signi-

ficant warning of the consequences of tight lacing. The fifth plate shows the alimentary canal, with the lacteals and thoracic duct. The sixth contains a clear diagram of the organs of circulation. The seventh, of the heart and lungs, and the valves of the veins. The eighth plate gives a view of a section of the brain, with the cerebral nerves. The ninth plate shows the spinal cord and nerves, with a diagram of the sensory and motory roots of a nerve. The tenth plate contains very clear illustrations of the organs of the five senses. Our only objection to some of these figures is, that the author endeavours to convey more information by their means than they are capable of imparting. The ethmoid, sphenoid, and palatine bones, for example, cannot be seen in a front view of the skull; and the lines extending to their whereabouts from the figures referring to their names, can only serve to puzzle the young student, or give him an erroneous notion of their position and connexions. The same remark will apply to the figure 5 in Plate II., which points to "the four muscles of the nose;" the sharpest-eyed urchin will fail to make them out.

These are venial faults: one graver objection remains. First impressions are the strongest. Above all, it behoves the teacher of youth to impart those principles and facts only which have received the impress of truth by their universal acceptance. Mr. Lovett may not be aware that the middle lobe of the brain is that which is common to man with beasts; that the front lobe is common to him with many of the lower animals; and that the back lobe is peculiar to man: so peculiar, indeed, that it contains parts, such, e.g., as the 'hinder horn of the lateral ventricle,' and the 'hippocampus minor,' of which there is no vestige, even in the apes that make the nearest approach in structure to man. Mr. Lovett can, perhaps, conceive that these, and a score of like 'damning facts' against phrenology, may have operated in preventing such anatomists and physiologists as Jones and Richard Quain, Dr. Paris, J. F. South, W. B. Carpenter, and M. Magendie, from accepting a doctrine which makes the *propensities* common to man with *animals* the result of the action of a part of the brain which is peculiar to man, and the *moral sentiments* to be the functions of a part of the brain which the wolf and the hyæna possess in common with man. And Mr. Lovett must certainly know that, in endeavouring to instil into the minds of youth such a dictum as that the reverential and other motives to prayer are a function of the middle lobe of the brain, or any part of it, he is inculcating a hypothesis which is held by the minority of the authorities he cites as those on which his compilation is founded, and by a very small minority of the actual cultivators of anatomy and physiology. However much such a doctrine may be congenial to his own habits and modes of thought, he was bound, therefore, not to inculcate it in a book for youth, as a physiological truth established, like that of the functions of the two roots of the nerves, and like the circulation of the blood. This blot affects the utility, and will probably still more damage the success of his work.

In all other respects, we look upon Mr. Lovett's little book as a legitimate and praiseworthy attempt to convey an elementary knowledge of the human mechanism in a way best adapted to the youthful mind, and, with the single exception we have noted, free from every topic and fact unsuited to tender years.

Nothing is more calculated to do away with a superstitious dread of the bony framework than an acquaintance with the parts and their connexions, in that model of mechanical excellence—the human skeleton: nothing more likely to correct a tendency to the wanton infliction of pain on a younger and weaker schoolfellow, than a knowledge of the exquisite mechanism of the parts that are too often subjected to brutal violence. The records of our great public schools of Eton, Westminster, and Winchester, contain instances of injuries affecting the whole of after-life, and even occasioning loss of life itself, through the wanton and ignorant punishment and tortures inflicted by the stronger on the weaker youths.

A short and plain course of lectures on the elementary facts of anatomy might be combined, with good effect, with the long routine of grammatical exercises, in these time-honoured establishments. The human mind has other faculties to be educed than that of memory. Observation and comparison would be happily called forth and sharpened by similar elementary courses of natural history and philosophy; and out of five or six hundred youths, it might well be expected that the germ of a natural science would take root in some mind peculiarly adapted to its flourishing growth, and lead to the development of a Banks, a Cavendish, or a Boyle, as the actual system does of men so versed in the mysteries of the Greek particle as to merit the mitre.

Dahomey and the Dahomans; being the Journals of Two Missions to the King of Dahomey, and Residence in his Capital in the years 1849 and 1850. By Frederick E. Forbes, Commander R.N. 2 vols. Longmans.

[Second Notice.]

We propose in the present notice to accompany Captain Forbes on his two visits to Abomey, and to introduce our readers to the strange scenes which he witnessed during his residence in the capital. Before leaving the sea-port Whydah, the Dahoman king had sent our author a gold-headed Malacca cane, which was explained to be his protection, and without which no one was permitted to visit the capital. Under the protection of this cane, and accompanied by Mr. Duncan, an interpreter, and numerous attendants, bearing presents to his Dahoman majesty, Captain Forbes set out from Whydah on the 12th of October. The country through which they passed is thus described:—

"Started at 7 A.M., and passed over an undulating forest country, presenting, for the first time on our journey, stones. Not a pebble is to be found for fifty miles inland of Whydah. The soil over that extent of country is a stiff red loam; but even to the depth of wells of 100 feet there are no pebbles; and granite, for grinding, and stones for pounding foo-foo, are procured from the mountains of Kong, and carried on men's heads to Whydah, a distance of about 200 miles.

"As we advanced, ironstone, sandstone, and conglomerate, increased, until lost in the oozy soil of a deep vegetable swamp, in a large forest, formerly the bed of a river, and leaving very little doubt of its being (below) a coal deposit. Such a country seems marked for railway enterprise. If coal can be procured at will, there is timber enough to make sleepers for all the *chemins de fer* in the world, and iron ore sufficient for every kind of machinery. The land is capable of producing any and every thing. Gold is found in the neighbouring state of Ashantee, and doubtless may be traced here. Quartz is common in the Kong Mountains; diamonds and other precious stones

might repay enterprise. Game is plentiful all along the road. Guinea-fowl, bush-fowl, and partridges have been calling along our route. The forests abound in deer, pigs, monkeys; besides wild beasts, as leopards and wolves. The patakoos, as the wolves are called, are heard howling all night long in Abomey, Whydah, and all towns on our route; but the fear of the deadly cobras, which are extremely numerous, deters the native from warring against the wolves in their wild haunts, and he is content to trap them in large square traps, like gigantic models of the ingenious little machines by which sparrows are caught by English boys."

They arrived at the village of Cannah, within sight of Abomey, in rather less than four days, and entered the city on the following morning, when they were graciously received by his Majesty, King Gèzo:—

"Within a short distance of the royal residence we halted at the house of a friend of our interpreter's, where we dressed in our full uniforms, and then moved forward to some shady trees to await the arrival of the caboceers who were to conduct us to the royal presence. In our rear were arranged our followers, hammockmen, and a crowd of Dahoman spectators. About a quarter of a mile from us stood a vast assembly of caboceers and soldiers, with umbrellas of state, flat-topped, and ornamented like those of the Chinese, and banners of every hue and most varied devices. Besides the Dahoman standards, each of which was ornamented by a human skull, floated the national flags of France, England, Portugal, and Brazil, whilst every caboceer had his own particular pennon. The first chief who advanced from this gay crowd of caboceers was Boh-peh, the governor of the capital, dressed in a country cloth wrapped round his body, a slouched hat, necklaces of coral and other beads, and armed with a handsome sword. Behind him came a retinue of soldiers, his standard, his umbrella of state, and his stool of rank; and lastly, a band of most discordant music. Arrived in front of our position, he bowed, and then marched, from right to left, round our seats three times, completing each circuit with a low obeisance. On his third round he discharged three muskets and danced a short measure, then advanced and shook hands, and seated himself on his stool of office, which its bearer had placed on my right hand. Ah-hoh-peh, the king's brother, and Gaseh-doh, the chief of the caboceers of Abomey, followed with similar attendants and ceremonies. When the whole party was seated, a body of the royal household, having half their heads shaved, took position in front, and sang a hymn of welcome to us. They were showily dressed in scarlet trimmed with yellow beads and other ornaments, with their heads covered by silver caps, some of which were distinguished by a pair of small silver horns, such as are commonly worn in the northern parts of Africa, and especially in Abyssinia. In his right hand each carried a horse-tail whip, with which he beat time to the air of the chant. Next advanced Poh-veh-soo and his party of blunderbussmen, who, after passing round us three times, fired a salute. Poh-veh-soo, as will be seen in a future journal, is at once a military officer, court-fool, and headman,—the latter office no sinecure. So soon as we had completed the usual ceremony of drinking healths, we entered our hammocks, and, joining procession after the caboceers and their levees, amid the firing of muskets, blunderbusses, and short brass guns, marched to the palace square.

The walls of the palace of Dange-lah-cordeh are surmounted, at a distance of twenty feet, with human skulls, many of which ghastly ornaments time has decayed, and the wind blown down. Happy omen! they are not replaced. The square of the palace was filled with armed people, seated on their hams, the polished barrels of their Danish muskets standing up like a forest. Under a thatched gateway was the king, surrounded by his immediate wives; while on each side sat the amazons, all in uniform, armed, and accoutred;

and in the centre of the square squatted the males. Hundreds of banners and umbrellas enlivened the scene, and a constant firing from great guns and small arms increased the excitement. When near the king's seat we came to a halt, while the caboceers bowed down and kissed the dust. Passing before the throne, we bowed and made the circuit of the square three times, the caboceers prostrating, and ourselves repeating our obeisances each time that we passed the royal seat. On the third time, the ministers and caboceers formed a line to the king's position; and, as we stepped from our hammocks, the king, who had been reclining, rose, and forty discordant bands struck up a quick step, whilst guns were fired, and all shouted except the ministers and caboceers, who prostrated themselves and threw dirt on their heads as we advanced and shook hands with the king. His Dahoman Majesty, King Gèzo, is about forty-eight years of age, good-looking, with nothing of the negro feature, his complexion wanting several shades of being black; his appearance commanding, and his countenance intellectual, though stern in the extreme. That he is proud there can be no doubt, for he treads the earth as if it were honoured by its burden. Were it not for a slight cast in his eye, he would be a handsome man. Contrasted with the gaudy attire of his ministers, wives, and caboceers (of every hue, and laden with coral, gold, silver, and brass ornaments), the king was plainly dressed, in a loose robe of yellow silk slashed with satin stars and half-moons, Mandingo sandals, and a Spanish hat trimmed with gold lace; the only ornament being a small gold chain of European manufacture. Taking our seats on chairs facing the royal mat, we entered into a complimentary conversation, the king asking many questions about our sovereign and England."

Captain Forbes and his party quitted Abomey at the end of three or four days, having received an invitation, as we mentioned in our previous notice, to return in the following year, in order to be present at the great festival or 'Customs' of the court. Of these customs we have an interesting account in the second volume of the work. They are celebrated throughout western Africa for their magnificence; but till the publication of the present work, we had had no description of them from an eye-witness. Captain Forbes returned to Abomey on his second visit on the 26th of May, 1850, and soon afterwards the Customs began. The first Custom consists in paying the minstrels, of whose songs we have the following account:—

"At 10 A.M. commenced the custom called 'Ee-que-ah-ek-beh,' paying the troubadours. Passing through another gateway, we entered on an extensive square. On the opposite side, under a rich canopy of umbrellas of every colour, and ornamented with strange devices, on a couch, reclined the king. In his rear, and on each side, sat his wives and female soldiers, in all about three thousand, all well dressed. The amazons in uniform, armed and accoutred, squatted on their hams, their long Danish muskets on end, with the stocks on the ground. Among the crowd of amazons were planted twenty-eight crutch sticks, painted blue, and each ornamented with a bandanna handkerchief; these were the sticks of office of the female troubadours, and each, in her turn, had to sing the romance of the history of Dahomey. * *

"A strict silence reigned, save when broken, at short intervals, by the voice of a herald proclaiming aloud the conquests of the kings of Dahomey. The scene was novel, and the dresses (from colour) magnificent in appearance. We were no sooner seated than two troubadours advanced and introduced themselves; then (one at a time) sang, in metrical short verse, the praises of the monarch—his exploits in war, his numerous conquests, the 'glorious' achievements of his ancestors; and, as if sweet to the ears of the brother who had deposed him, desecrated the name of Adonajah, the de-throned monarch, as one unfit to reign over a

brave warlike nation such as Dahomey. 'Gézo,' sang the troubadour, 'was the choice of the nation! the liberal! the free-handed! who so generous as he? who so brave? Behold him, the king of kings! Haussoo-lae-beh Haussoo.' At the mention of his father's, or any deceased relative's, name, all the caboceers, ministers, and officers had to prostrate on the neutral ground and kiss the dust. * * *

"After two males had sung, two females stepped forward, singing in praise 'of him,' they said, 'who gave them birth. We were women, we are now men; Gézo has borne us again, we are his wives, his daughters, his soldiers, his sandals. War is our pastime,—it clothes, it feeds, it is all to us.' Repeatedly describing some particular exploit, they would call upon the multitude to laugh for joy at the glorious deeds of Gézo. First the female court exercised their risible faculties; then the male set up a laughing chorus; at other times they called on all to join chorus, when the din was indescribable, as some fifty bands chimed in.

"As each pair of troubadours finished their song, twenty-eight heads of cowries, twenty-eight pieces of cloth, four pieces of handkerchiefs, and two gallons of rum were presented—if to males by the mayo, if to females by the mae-hae-pah—with a lengthened speech on the liberality of the monarch. Who paid them so highly for remembering the glorious deeds of his ancestors? This present was for the two sergeants and their bands, in all about thirty people."

The second Custom is the display of the king's wealth, which is carried on the heads of slaves, through the town to the market and back again. A programme of the procession, which consisted of between 6000 and 7000 people, is given by our author.

"After the tedious prostrations of every officer, from the caboceers to eunuchs, had been brought to a close, the king left his throne, and passing the neutral ground, came towards us. We rose to salute him; and after a few compliments, and explanations that owing to the heavy appearance of the weather the dresses were by no means gay, he returned to his throne. Some more prostrations of native traders from Whydah and Hausa Malams followed, and whilst some fourteen liberated Africans shouted *Viva el rey*, 200 male and 200 female officers kissed the dust. Forty female standard bearers next passed, preceding his Majesty's female relations, who all kissed the dust; and then followed in single file 2539 women, carrying various articles: then 1590 carried cowries. Many bore silver ornaments of all kinds; some large and ill-shaped, fashioned by Dahoman artisans. Lest we should not fully appreciate his supposed wealth, Hootoojee and the king's artisan brother were seated in our vicinity to explain the value of the various articles. A reference to the programme will satisfy the reader that his Majesty could not have formed any precise idea of the actual use of some portions of his wealth, or he would not have exposed them to enhance the idea of his riches; a few carriages were drawn past, and, at intervals, ladies of the harem trooped by, attended by guards of amazons, 'the royal banner, and all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,' such as drums ornamented with one or two dozen skulls, interlaced with jaw bones. One umbrella, that shaded a sable princess, was decorated with 148 human jaw bones, and many of these ladies, besides being attended by slaves carrying swords and shields, bearing these ghastly ornaments, carried at their girdles each a polished skull drinking-cup: these latter groups did not leave the yard, but took up their positions under trees, and, in opera style, sang and danced at times. Towards the evening, some 2000 amazons were collected in close column, under arms, and in their front all the ladies of the royal family and harem. Mingled with the procession would be groups of females from various parts of Africa, each performing the peculiar dance of her country. When these were not being performed, the ladies would now seize their shields and dance a shield-dance; then

a musket, a sword, a bow and arrow dance, in turns. Sometimes one would step forward and harangue the monarch in verse, whilst the chorus was taken up by all, the amazons and the rest of the people; and, lastly, having expended all their praises, they called upon the king to come out and dance with them, and they did not call in vain.

"The monarch, although a stately figure, is by no means a good dancer, yet what a king performs courtiers will ever approve. Loud shouts of applause crowned the royal exertions, and amid the din of firing, shouting, singing, and dancing, his majesty, hidden as usual by cloths from public gaze, drank to his sable thousands of wives. The dance was a working of all the muscles of the body, the hands and feet moving to a quick step; there is nothing graceful, nor strikingly active, while to dance well requires great muscular labour.

"These scenes were very enlivening, and certainly the most picturesque and theatrical of any out-of-door fête I have ever witnessed in any part of the world; but there was no wealth, no riches in reality, although the gaudy colours were equally pleasing to the eye. The collection of a country fair in England, carried in a similar manner, would by far have exceeded the wealth displayed, and the dresses of a minor theatre would, except in silver and coral, have excelled in point of value and show. Yet, in a country like Dahomey, it was an immense collection."

The third Custom is entitled, throwing presents to the people. In the centre of the market-place a platform is erected, twelve feet in height, from which the king throws to the mob assembled below, cowries, cloth, tobacco, &c., for which there is a general scramble. The last present consists of human victims, who are thrown from the platform, and are straightway despatched with clubs and swords by the savages below. The number of victims varies in different years. On the occasion on which Captain Forbes was present, fourteen were destined for destruction; but he succeeded in saving the lives of three. They were all dressed in clean white dresses, with a high red cap, lashed hand and foot, and carried in small canoes and baskets on the heads of men.

"During the royal absence a dead silence reigned as if by general consent; when by accident it was broken, it was reinforced by the eunuchs sounding their metal bells, tolling the knell of eleven human beings. Out of fourteen now brought on the platform, we, the unworthy instruments of the Divine will, succeeded in saving the lives of three. Lashed as we described before, these sturdy men met the gaze of their persecutors with a firmness perfectly astonishing. Not a sigh was breathed. In all my life I never saw such coolness so near death. It did not seem real, yet it soon proved frightfully so. One hellish monster placed his finger to the eyes of a victim who hung down his head, but, finding no moisture, drew upon himself the ridicule of his fiendish coadjutors. Ten of the human offerings to the bloodthirsty mob, and an alligator and a cat, were guarded by soldiers, the other four by amazons.

"The king insisted on our viewing the place of sacrifice. Immediately under the royal stand, within the brake of acacia bushes, stood seven or eight fell ruffians, some armed with clubs, others with scimitars, grinning horribly. As we approached, the mob yelled fearfully, and called upon the king to 'feed them, they were hungry.' * * * Disgusted beyond the powers of description, we retired to our seats. * * * As we reached them, a fearful yell rent the air. The victims were held high above the heads of their bearers, and the naked ruffians thus acknowledged the munificence of their prince. Silence again ruled, and the king made a speech, stating that of his prisoners he gave a portion to his soldiers, as his father and grandfather had done before. These were Attahpahins. Having called their names, the one nearest was divested of his clothes, the foot of the basket placed

on the parapet, when the king gave the upper part an impetus, and the victim fell at once into the pit beneath. A fall of upwards of twelve feet might have stunned him, and before sense could return the head was cut off, and the body thrown to the mob, who, now armed with clubs and branches, brutally mutilated, and dragged it to a distant pit, where it was left as food for the beasts and birds of prey. After the third victim had thus been sacrificed, the king retired, and the chiefs and slave-dealers completed the deed which the monarch blushed to finish."

The fourth Custom is the review of the troops. Our author counted 7000 under arms, of whom 4400 were males, and the remainder females. They were all armed, accoutred, and dressed as nearly as possible alike, in blue and white tunics, short trousers, and caps.

"The order was thus in each squadron: the armed men, the standard, stool, and other insignia, and then the officer under his umbrella of state, followed by a band. The amazons next marched by in similar array; each army had its war drums, standards, war-stools, shields ornamented with human skulls, and other ghastly emblems of barbarous warfare.

"Scarcely had the whole passed than the king arrived on the ground, carried in a state hammock with gaudy hangings. His Majesty was in tunic and short trousers; the only ornaments were neat military accoutrements. To-day, the whole nation was military; mother, wife, daughter, minister, even the hunchbacks and dwarfs, were strutting by in all the pride of military array."

"Having taken ground at the further end of the field, one at a time, the squadrons enfiladed between two fetish houses, and commenced an independent open fire, and deploying into line, passed to the right of the royal stool, while the officers came up at double quick time, prostrated themselves, danced, fired muskets, and then received each as a mark of favour a bottle of rum."

"Order and discipline were observable throughout, uniform and good accoutrements general, and except in the most civilised countries in the world, and even there as regarded the order of the multitude, no review could have gone off better. There was no delay, no awkwardness, no accident: aides-de-camp were rushing about with orders; it was noble and extremely interesting. Every facility was offered us towards acquiring information, and, except an exaggeration in numbers, truly given. The king has great pride in his army, and often turned to us with an inquiring eye as the amazons went through their evolutions: he is justly proud of these female guards, who appear in every way to rival the male."

The other Customs we must dismiss with more brevity. One of the most interesting is the king's court of justice. The king sits as judge in an open court, in which any one is at liberty to bring an accusation against another on account of his conduct in the last war, and if the charge is substantiated, punishment follows. Great liberty of speech is enjoyed, and distinctions of rank laid aside. In the court at which Captain Forbes was present, the amazons charged a portion of the male army with cowardice; and after a long 'war-palaver,' one of the generals of the males was deprived of his rank. The remaining Customs consisted of the amazons' oath of fidelity, a sham fight, and the offering of sacrifices on the tombs of their ancestors, which is called, Watering the Graves.

In an appendix to the first volume of this work, Captain Forbes gives an account of the Vahie or Vei language, which has been reduced to writing by the negroes themselves, unassisted by Europeans. This remarkable discovery was made by Captain Forbes, and was communicated by him to the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society at Sierra Leone, who despatched one of their number,

the Rev. J. W. Koelle, to investigate the matter. The writing itself is syllabic. About 200 symbols, of which about half seem superfluous, represent the sounds of all the syllables occurring in the language. Those symbols were invented about sixteen years ago by an intelligent native, who had for a few weeks learnt our ordinary phonetic language from an American missionary. Mr. Koelle obtained some MSS. written in this language, which have been transmitted to England. We learn that a lithographed fac-simile of one of these MSS. has been executed under the superintendence of some gentlemen of the foreign office, and that copies of it have been printed for circulation among the natives. The geographical extension of the Vahie language has not yet been determined; but it is stated by Captain Forbes to extend over Cape Mount, Soungrie, Marma, and Gallinas, on the sea-coast, and several interior countries. The discovery of this written language is one proof among many which Captain Forbes's book contains, that the negroes are capable of greater intellectual attainments than many Europeans imagine; and that if the incubus of the slave trade were removed, they would probably make rapid advances in knowledge and civilization.

We had intended making some remarks upon Captain Forbes's suggestions for the suppression of the slave trade; but our space is exhausted. We can only state in general his opinion, that the withdrawal of the blockading squadron would greatly augment the slave trade; but at the same time he agrees with most other competent witnesses, that the squadron alone will never suppress it. We can only hope, he says, to accomplish this object by introducing the blessings of civilization into the interior of Africa, and by convincing the native chiefs that they will obtain a larger number of European goods by cultivating the productions of their country, than by the sale of their subjects or enemies.

Victoria Regia; or, Illustrations of the Royal Water Lily. In a Series of Figures by Walter Fitch; with Descriptions by Sir W. J. Hooker, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. Reeve and Benham.

SOME fifty years ago, two wanderers among the wilds of central America, the one a worthy priest and missionary among the Indians, the other an enthusiastic botanist, came suddenly upon a flower so beautiful that the sight of it filled their hearts with gratitude; and, impelled by an overpowering sense of pious admiration, these earnest men knelt before their discovery, and poured forth their praises to the Creator of themselves and the flower. The plant that so delighted and astonished them, after attracting from time to time the wonder of travellers and natives, was at length, in 1842, gathered in a sufficiently good condition by the accomplished and indefatigable explorer of Guiana, Sir Robert Schomburgk, to admit of a full working out of its structure and affinities. It proved to be a water lily of an entirely new generic type, and received from Dr. Lindley the name of *Victoria Regia*,—a graceful compliment to our gracious Queen.

Beautiful and extraordinary as it was reported to be, and as the delineations and preserved specimens of it proved, the reality surpassed all expectations, when through the unrivalled skill of British horticulturists the Victoria was reared in England, and displayed

its charms profusely, to the delight of all botanists and lovers of floral beauty, during the last year. Plants reared, after much perseverance and several disappointments, in the Royal Gardens at Kew, were communicated to Chatsworth and to Sion. In these magnificent gardens, so honourable to the distinguished noblemen who possess them, the Victoria first attained its vast dimensions and opened its gorgeous blossoms, exhibiting enormous leaves six feet in diameter and eighteen feet in circumference, so strong as to support a person weighing eleven stones; and flowers—gorgeous, snowy, blush-tinted water lilies,—measuring fourteen inches across and three feet eight inches in circumference. These prodigious dimensions are said to be exceeded by the leaves and flowers of the wild plant growing in its native solitudes. Mr. Paxton, however, anticipates that the plants under his care at Chatsworth will attain their full size before long. Last November was the anniversary of the Chatsworth specimens. The plant sent there from Kew, had in seventy-nine days completely filled a tank of eighteen feet eight inches by nineteen feet one inch. It must have added to its size no less than 647 square inches daily! By the end of its first year it had produced 150 leaves and twenty-six flowers. Only one flower-bud opens at a time. Thanks to the skill of Mr. J. Smith, Mr. Paxton, and Mr. Iveson, we may now confidently regard the Victoria as an established denizen of England. At the present moment it is flowering, under Mr. Sowerby's care, in the Royal Botanic Gardens in Regent's Park.

The splendid publication before us is devoted to the illustration of this queen among flowers. The text, from the pen of one of the most eminent of living botanists, details the history of its discovery and the particulars of its structure. The plates are coloured lithographs, as remarkable for beauty and truthfulness, as for their minute and perfect botanical accuracy: they represent the general aspect of the Victoria, its flowers in various states, of the natural size,—and elaborate dissections of all the features of its organization. These representations are executed by Mr. Fitch, an artist whose delineations of plants are unrivalled. The whole forms an elegant and appropriate memorial of one of the most remarkable accessions ever made to horticulture. With very great pleasure we have read a statement at the close of the volume, announcing that the Chief Commissioner of Woods is about to erect a new house in the Royal Gardens at Kew, to contain two tanks of a size suitable "for the cultivation and full development of this truly regal plant." This act will be highly appreciated by the people of England generally, for in no national institution is more interest taken by all classes of the community than in the Gardens at Kew; they are as beautiful as they are instructive, as deeply valued by the intellectual operative, who looks forward to them as the scene of a summer's holiday, where he may both admire and learn, as by the man of science, who knows and fully appreciates their strictly scientific value. They are worthy of a great nation, and when our foreign visitors explore and criticise our sights during the approaching summer, none will afford them more unmingled satisfaction and probably also surprise, since the perfection of these gardens is not as well known either abroad or at home as it should and will be. The old distich on the milestone in the Highlands,—

"Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd have lifted your hands and blessed General Wade,"
might be paraphrased with an appropriate application to Kew Gardens. The illustrious botanist who directs them deserves our strongest expressions of gratitude for bringing them to their present admirable condition.

The Confessor; A Novel. 3 vols. Bentley. THOUGH two centuries have passed away since our great civil war, the interest felt by us in the two parties concerned in it is as warm-blooded as ever. Let any one advocate the contrary side to our own, and the feeling of antagonism is aroused forthwith. Our combativeness develops itself, and an almost personal concern gives unusual fire to the controversy. Doubtless this result is to be accounted for from the fact that the truths and errors of those days are, in a great measure, the truths and errors of our own. If one party was in the right, the other must have been grievously at fault. Thus neutrality would savour of indifference, and we become one-sided. To the historical novelist this feeling is by no means unfavourable. Prejudice gives life, and even bigotry becomes amusing under the garb of fiction. Then again, the agitated state of society at that period, and the extremes into which both cavaliers and roundheads fell, afford admirable scope for the picturesque both in narrative and detail. A quick eye will readily catch the salient points, and thus a sort of foundation for the superstructure is in a manner prepared. No wonder, then, that many of our novelists have laid their plot in this exciting period of English history. The tale before us advocates the side of the royalists, and in doing so out-Herods Herod, and would tempt us to look even upon Hume as impartial. Considered simply as a novel, and not as the exponent of political or historical verities, it possesses considerable merit. The plot, though somewhat intricate, is skilfully unravelled; the principal characters are drawn with force, and are well sustained; while the subordinate personages of the story are graphically sketched in with a few broad strokes, so that we become familiar with them on the first introduction. There is no lack of incident or action, and there is considerable power in the narrative.

'The Confessor,' Father Jacopo, should not, we think, have given a title to the work. He is not the hero, and the dark under-plot which he is stealthily carrying on throughout a considerable portion of the volumes is neither natural nor interesting. Then, although a caricature of the puritan preacher is a staple commodity for the writer of fiction, such a character as that of the Rev. Shimei Haman ought not to have been introduced. A man who would have been scouted by all honest men of any party; a vulgar and sordid villain, whose very daughter cries shame on him, is no representative of a class, nor is his association with Cromwell in any degree probable. In one chapter, however, we find the Protector flinging a pillow at the reverend gentleman to silence his odious cant, and then commanding the attendance of Lilius Haman as a companion to his own daughters. A good creature was Lilius in spite of the noisome atmosphere which surrounded her, but worldly and unrefined; the child of an ex-bailiff and self-constituted parson, it is beyond all credibility that she should ever have formed one of Cromwell's home-circle. In spite of a few

glaring extravagancies, the beauties of the story fully compensate for its defects, and we gladly turn from them to the more welcome portion of our task. We do not propose, however, entering into the plot, nor will space permit us to give even a running list of the many personages which appear upon the scene. To serve the most temporary purpose a new character is introduced, and generally with good effect, so that paucity of invention is by no means a failing to be attributed to the author of 'The Confessor.' The hero is a young man known to us till the closing scene by the name of Albert Lyndesay; Lady Katharine Wentworth, a daughter of the Earl of Strafford, is the heroine, and her character is, perhaps, the best sustained of any in the novel. Her gradual progress in moral and physical beauty, from a merry and romantic maiden, whose wit and words were not lacking, to the full-grown woman, who passed through the bitterest anguish when her father died upon the scaffold, and anon emerged from that trial purified and strengthened, more radiant in features, because ennobled by inward virtues—the tale of her love, her fears, her heroic courage—all this throws a fascination around Katharine, which is highly captivating to the reader. After the execution of the King, Albert Lyndesay is also condemned to death, and Lady Wentworth, accompanied by Howard, a clergyman, who was formerly her tutor, visits her lover in St. James's Palace before his final removal to the Tower. The following extract will afford no unfavourable specimen of the writer's style:—

"Katharine, beloved! most precious! why did you come! Oh, my God! I could have borne all but this! The tone of bitter grief in which Lyndesay spoke these words seemed to augment the anguish of his affianced, and she sank into a chair unable to articulate. Lyndesay silently held out his hand to Howard, who pressed it with fervency; then by a powerful effort regaining his self-command, he said:—'Be calm, I entreat you, my Katharine, and hear me. Would my heart permit me, I could chide thee, my love, for taking this step, which may place thy life in danger.'

"My life! Oh, Albert! what is it worth now?" Lyndesay saw that despair had for a moment shaken the usually firm tone of Katharine's feeling, and that on him alone it depended to sustain them both during the painful scene. And true it was that, having passed the last few hours in perpetually recurring fits of swooning, body and mind were alike weakened, and her fortitude had given way.

He spoke calmly. "Your life, my Katharine, is the gift of God, and as such must be cherished until you are called upon to resign it. Further," he said, tenderly placing his arm around her, "you must sometimes think of one who has loved you with no common love, and persevere to the end in faith and hope—aye, in time, may be in peace—for his sake."

"I could have died for your sake, Albert—but to live for it without you—Oh, no! it is impossible."

"Think this: that as now every half hour brings nearer the time of our separation, so, when I shall have passed that bourne, which, believe me, I do not fear, every hour you live will be so much advance to the period of our reunion."

"But how to pass the interval," said Katharine, with a shudder, and in a tone which betrayed the intense suffering which had taken hold upon her.

"You will not be left comfortless, for God is all powerful. At first—I pretend not to deny it—the stroke must try your fortitude; but our merciful Creator has ordained that even with those who love most dearly, time shall soften the pangs of such separations. Wherever you are, you will be loved, my Katharine, and in time, God grant

that your own heart may be able to open to new affections."

"Never, Albert, never. I shall go down to the grave mourning as your wife—your widowed bride. It was for that purpose that I came here."

"He looked in her face, unable to comprehend her words. In an instant the blood mounted to her brow, and the maiden delicacy which had given way to a stronger feeling, returned in full force as she stammered,—

"I seem very bold,—unwomanly; but can you not comprehend me? No,—then I must utter it. Albert once before you asked me to become your wife immediately, and I refused; now I am ready to fulfil my pledge."

"Overcome by this testimony of a devotion which prompted such a sacrifice; Lyndesay covered his face with his hands as he replied,—

"My sentence of this morning annulled your pledge."

"Oh no! Oh no! that cannot be," she said. "If the thought of other duties prompted me to refuse completing our union until circumstances should be more auspicious, I am sufficiently punished by this dreadful sentence, which cuts off that future so securely reckoned on, I should then have had the right which—she hesitated, and coloured slightly—"which the marriage tie alone can give me, to share your last hours of captivity,—to sustain you—to cheer you—you, who have no mother, —no sister or brother, or dear friend with you in this awful hour. Oh, Albert! do not reject me!"

"And to bear a dishonoured name for ever!" returned her lover.

"Dishonoured!—then is my own so equally, for these tyrants found their first victim in Wentworth. But, no! the disgrace is theirs; and fear not, but that other times will account it a glory to have fallen a martyr in such a cause as yours and his."

Lyndesay observed the quick transition of feeling which his words had kindled, arousing in Katharine all the pride of her race. He smiled, as, wishing to divert her mind from the one sad theme, he replied,—

"You have the courage and constancy of a heroine, my Katharine; try to have the fortitude. I am loath to disturb your confidence in the judgment of future ages on these times! but much I fear that, when the enthusiasm of our cause has passed away, cold calculating policy will fail to do it justice. But most probably on this, like every other subject, men will entertain, as at present, two opinions."

"The slight spark of heroism which had animated Katharine for a moment, had passed away while Lyndesay spoke, and when he ceased, she only said in a low, sad tone—"Will you comply?"

"Dearest, no," he said: "it were a sacrifice to selfishness which I cannot, must not make, to suffer that, for a few hours' alleviation of my sorrow, you should incur all the consequences of this step. Believe me, the thought of your devotion will sweeten to me the bitter cup which I am about to drink, though, alas! it makes me but the more sensible of all which that draught deprives me of." He stopped short, and turned away his face; but the maiden, rising, gently took his hand and addressed him.

"Listen to me, Albert. You have loved me, as you say, with no common love, and through years of vicissitude and trial; but even you cannot comprehend the all-engrossing, all-inspiring nature of a woman's love, once worthily given and returned. It is her life—her world—her past, present, and to come,—the pivot around which all her thoughts revolve—thoughts which have for object the devotion of her being to the happiness of another, finding therein her own. For this, no act is a sacrifice. Deprived of all hope of such a lot in the future, will you deny me the remembrance of it in the past?"

For the effect of Katharine's appeal, and the ultimate destiny of the lovers, we refer our readers to the novel itself. Our long extract has not left us space for any further remarks, or we should have liked to bring

forward Margaret Hamilton, the victim of a cruel creed; the upright Howard, whose name has already been mentioned; Nimon, the prophetess; Pierre, the dwarf; Montrose, Falkland, and some other characters, the delineation of which is very fairly conceived and executed.

An Inquiry into the Principles of the Distribution of Wealth most conducive to Human Happiness. By William Thompson. A new edition by William Pare. Orr and Co.

Lectures on Social Science and the Organization of Labour. By James Hole. Chapman.

THE first edition of this work was published, in a more prolix form, above twenty-five years ago. The author, Mr. Thompson, was an Irish gentleman of fortune, who resided with Jeremy Bentham, and devoted himself to the study of political, moral, and social philosophy. He died in 1833, leaving the bulk of his property, consisting of freehold estates, to trustees, of whom the editor was one, for the purpose of promulgating the principles he advocated. These principles appear, from the pamphlets published by Mr. Thompson, to have been—equal rights of women—labour entitled to the whole products of its exertions—mutual co-operation—united possessions—equality of exertions, and of the means of enjoyment. The freehold estates in the county of Cork are in the Irish Court of Chancery, at the instance of the nearest heirs, and the female sex must wait for their equal rights, and the working class for equal labour, equal pay, and equal enjoyments with their employers, until the Irish Chancellor gives the means for re-constructing society by the aid of Mr. Thompson's freehold estates.

In the two works before us, and in all the tracts and lectures for illustrating the theory of Socialism, or Communism, there appears to be a common fallacy in the first ground-principle which vitiates all the subsequent reasoning and conclusions. It is assumed that every human being has a natural right to an equal share of all that has been created for the use of the human race, of the land especially, and of the products of the land. This is the foundation-stone upon which is built every theory of socialism, communism, or the equal right of every individual to an equal share of the gifts of nature. But this assumed first principle, upon which all these speculations rest, is in itself false. Our natural rights are limited by our natural wants. The child in the cradle has not an equal natural right with the adult man, to the growing tree which he cannot cut down and apply to his use, to the animals which he cannot catch in the forest and domesticate, to the acres of land which he cannot plough, sow, and render subservient to his subsistence. The whole female sex, and four-fifths of the male, are like children in the cradle, as regards the use they can make of the gifts of nature, the land and its products, for supplying their natural wants. Now they either have, each individual of them, a natural right to an equal share of those gifts of nature, or they have not. If they have, then each individual must have the right to sell, exchange, and alienate his share of the gifts of nature for whatever suits better his natural wants; this power being essential to the very idea of a right of property. But this would only be returning to the principle of the present social state, in which one individual has much more of

the land and its products than he requires for the mere supply of his own natural wants, and another much less. But if not—if natural rights are bounded by natural wants—then the adult, the strong, the one-fifth, must be entitled to take by right what the others, the four-fifths, cannot possibly use for the supply of their natural wants by their own natural powers. We return again, on this supposition, to the same construction of society as the present—the same in principle. Socialism, or communism, in this view, is but pulling down the present social structure to build it up again of the old materials and on the old plan and principle. To avoid this obvious dilemma in their theory, those who carry their speculation to the extreme, propose a common possession, of the land and all other gifts of nature, not an individual appropriation, a common labour for production from those gifts, and a common enjoyment of the production, all competition for more, and all appropriation of, or enjoyment of, more than an equal share being put down in this co-operative union of all for mutual support and enjoyment. What kind of a social state would this, if it were possible to carry it into effect, produce? If a man can call anything his own, it is what he produces by his own volition and labours, bodily or mental. To possess and keep this is the most powerful of our natural desires. So far from its being a natural state of society that this should be thrown into a common stock for common enjoyment, it would be the most artificial state ever imposed upon reasonable men. It would be the social state of a body of convicts, or of monks, working without motive or inducement to work, without the salt that seasons all labour but the labour of the slave—the sense of peculiar interest and property in the work. Competition, indeed, would be effectually put down by the annihilation, if such an absurdity were practically possible, of all proprietary rights of individuals; but with competition all civilization would be put down also, and all liberty. Men could only be brought to work by compulsion, under the superintendence, in fact, of slave-drivers, if the moral stimulus of competition were removed. We look with distrust upon these lectures, and the works of an enthusiast like Mr. Thompson, as giving false views of the principles of social arrangement, and exciting the public mind to impracticable schemes of reconstructing society, which, if practicable, would be destructive to morality, by removing all moral inducements to industry, forethought, and right conduct, and subversive of liberty, by reducing men to mere working machines without the sense of property and rights.

SUMMARY.

Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds. By John Ruskin, M.A. Smith, Elder and Co.

If any country gentleman has ordered this work to be sent down from town in his next monthly literary packet, he will find he has made a mistake, which, if the book were larger, would put him not a little out of temper. It is of ecclesiastical, not of agricultural, sheepfolds that Mr. Ruskin treats. He seems to have a fancy for quaint titles. These notes were intended to form part of the Appendix to his work on 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture,' but are published apart for the use of those who prefer theological to architectural inquiries. Before, however, the said country gentleman or farmer hands the tract over to the rector or curate, we advise him to give it a careful perusal. It contains many scriptural and striking statements on the

constitution and authority of the church, and on other subjects which the laity are apt to leave too exclusively in the hands of the clergy. Mr. Ruskin's style is terse and vigorous, but somewhat too dogmatic, especially when he is propounding anything doubtful or, to many readers, obviously wrong.

Speculation. A Tale. J. H. Parker.

THE subject of this tale may be gathered from the title, and from the headings of some of the chapters, such as 'The First Speculation,' 'The Neighbours,' 'The Christian Merchant,' 'Fulness of Woe,' 'The Last End of the Righteous.' The object is to show the dire consequences of a reckless lust of gain, as contrasted with the happy spirit of those whose hearts are on high, even when their hands are busiest in the world. The story is not of great interest, but many true things are said concerning the undue love of money and worship of Mammon in our mercantile age. Perhaps the author is right when he "ventures to say, that out of an hundred anxious faces that you meet in the streets of London, not more than one is anxious about his soul, and that ninety are anxious about money." The remarks are good in the fifth chapter, as to the influence of the altered habits of the London merchants, no longer living at the site of their calling, but at a distance, so as to have no relation with their clerks and dependents, except the necessary intercourse for commercial purposes during the hours of business. Formerly the clerks were more members of the master's household, and to the absence of that control some evil is attributable. Few masters now trouble themselves how their clerks spend Sunday, provided they are at their work on Monday, nor what company they keep when office hours are over. The attempt to instil 'Church principles,' as they are called, in the chapter 'On Dissent,' and other parts of the tale, is to a general reader amusing; but the author's humanity breaks through his strict churchmanship when he says, concerning the poor speculator who was found in the Serpentine, that "the latitude or charity of the jury enabled the body to rest in consecrated ground, and there it awaits its rising."

Memorials of the Sea. My Father: being Records of the Adventurous Life of the late William Scoresby, Esq. of Whitby. By his Son, the Rev. William Scoresby, D.D., &c. Longmans.

THE energy and ability of the elder Scoresby did great things for the British whale-fishery, and his name will ever be held in honour in all places to which that once-profitable pursuit has brought wealth. This volume is a graceful tribute to his memory from the pen of his more eminent son. It is a good book to place in the hands of young sailors, and should be introduced into every ship's library. All who know the character of the author, will recognise in its religious tone and phraseology a reflection of his earnest and unaffected piety.

Theory and Practice of Just Intonation. By J. P. Thompson. Wilson.

It is very well understood that, according to theory on the calculation of the true intervals between the sounds of the scale, certain sounds cannot be produced upon musical instruments, such as the pianoforte and organ; but for the sake of simplifying the mechanism of the keyboard, and agreeing with the received and more commonly used modes of notation, we have put up with the imperfections of the instrument. The violin, being an instrument on which the sound may be altered to the nicest shade of acute or grave, high or low, by the adaptation of the finger directed by the ear, becomes in the hands of a cultivated player the perfect instrument, which can be said of none of the mechanical ones at present used. The general imperfection which pervades a piano is modified in tuning, as far as can be, by leaving some of the notes untrue in tone, and this state is called temperament; it is of course a thing we could wish to avoid; and Mr. Thompson has spent much time in endeavouring to make an enharmonic organ with additional apparatus for fingering and playing correct tones. He places small keys beside the usual ivory ones, which can be touched as required, so that instead of using B natural for C flat, the

proper tone, which is between the two, is played by this means. It is to be regretted that, after all the ingenuity expended, the difficulties of using these keys in practice will still remain to be surmounted. Mr. Thompson thinks the ancient Greeks had some notion of a more perfect scale than ours, which they meant by the word 'enharmonic,' and after which he names his own project. We give him every credit for the interesting matter he has brought together on the subject in the appendix, but must leave the discussion of what this 'enharmonic' of the ancients was *sub judice*.

Orations by Father Gavazzi. Bogue.

THESE 'Orations' are reprinted from the reports given in the *Daily News* of Gavazzi's lectures at the Princess's Concert Rooms, Oxford Street. They are only imperfect sketches of what was actually spoken, but they contain many passages which are good specimens of the skilful rhetoric and fervid eloquence of this remarkable man. He continues to lecture in London to crowded and enthusiastic audiences, denouncing the present Romish power with increasing boldness of speech and variety of illustration. We may take an early occasion of saying more, both of the man and of his oratory, and meanwhile recommend all who are unable to attend, or to follow the orations, to read these printed reports of them. The subjects are, Papal Abuses, The Papal Sceptre, The Holy Inquisition Character of Pope Pius IX., Canon Law, Infallible Supremacy, Convents and Nunneries, Hierarchical Usurpations, Clerical Celibacy.

On Excision of the Enlarged Tonsil, and its Consequences in cases of Deafness; with Remarks on Diseases of the Throat. By William Harvey. Renshaw.

Many people are aware that the practice of removing the tonsil in cases of deafness has of late been brought into vogue, and the numerous sufferers from the distressing affection of the hearing were only too anxious to undergo any operation, however painful or mutilating, to gain the precious gift. The knife has always been admitted to be the opprobrium of surgery, and never so much so as when it is used more for the *clat* of the operation than benefit to the patient. It is then satisfactory to find Mr. Harvey, a surgeon of great experience in aural surgery, and after a fair and full trial of the excision of the tonsils, pointing out, as the result he has been led to, not only that enlarged tonsils do not necessarily produce deafness, but that removal of them is attended with serious injury to the health of the patient. He relies upon remedies more generally approved by the profession, and more particularly on the application of colchicum, a plan first employed by himself. He supports his practice by many cases related in the book, and certainly makes out a most decided veto against the excision, an operation which, apart from its usefulness, is admitted, in children especially, to be anything but easy or free from injury, on account of the nearness of the carotid arteries to the seat of disease.

Life at the Water Cure: or a Month at Malvern.

By R. J. Lane. With Illustrations. Bohn. FEW books not written by professed *littérateurs* have met with a more complete success than the entertaining 'Month at Malvern.' This is a new edition in a cheap form, corrected and enlarged by a new and amusingly written preface and an account of a walking trip into Wales, which, without pretending to any merit of historical lore, is lightly and cheerfully touched, and calculated to enliven the prospects of the invalids at Dr. Wilson's with a view of what they may be able to undertake in the shape of pedestrianism, after his course of training.

Voices from the Garden; or the Christian Language of Flowers. Partridge and Oakley.

MANY books have been written with the object of evoking from the flowers of the field or garden a language expressive of the various emotions of the human heart. The author of these pages thinks that hitherto in such attempts more ingenuity than wisdom has been displayed, and tries to turn the fancy to higher and more improving applications.

A few of the headings of the pieces will show the design:—'The Sensitive Plant, tenderness of conscience;' 'The Camomile, wholesome bitterness;' 'The Balsam, transparency of character;' 'The Bladder-nut tree, vanity of the world.' Meditations, in blank verse, arise from about thirty of these emblematical themes. We think that less serious subjects are more befitting such fanciful associations. But the design is praiseworthy, and we may best and briefly characterize the present work by applying to it the title of another publication of the same author, 'Important Truths in Simple Verse.'

Ann Ash; or, The Foundling. By the author of 'Charlie Burton,' J. H. Parker.

A VERY interesting little religious tale for young people, suitable especially for Sunday-school or village libraries. Besides the inculcation of moral lessons, many useful hints are given on domestic economy and subjects of general usefulness to the humbler classes in the country.

The Book of British Poetry, Ancient and Modern: with an Essay on British Poetry. By the Rev. George Gilfillan, A.M. Tegg.

THIS volume contains select extracts from our best poets, arranged in chronological order. It is divided into four parts, the first, from the earliest period to the age of Shakspeare; the second, from Shakspeare to Milton; the third, from Milton to Cowper; the fourth, from Cowper to the present time. Good judgment is generally shown in the selected extracts, and in the first part are many pieces not usually found in such collections. Mr. Gilfillan has said, and well said, as much as could be expected, on so wide a theme, in an essay of less than twenty pages. The volume is very beautifully printed, and of goodly appearance, so as to be ornamental for the table, or suitable for a gift-book, as well as valuable for perusal.

The Passions of the Human Soul. By Charles Fourier. Translated from the French, by the Rev. J. R. Morell. With a Life of Fourier, by Hugh Doherty. Baillière.

As society has been progressing towards the acme of civilization, it is surprising to observe how certain men have started up from time to time as regenerators of their race. Propounding some transcendental philosophy and some new moral code by which people should be governed, they advocate their views with wily sophisms and rancorous intolerance against all existing orders of society and the laws by which other men are content to abide. Self-aggrandizement in some form is generally the evident purpose of these schemes; and the originators have been men of violent disposition, gifted with good intellectual powers, but with a perversion that has prevented their following that steady course of education which enables us to exercise correct judgment by the culture of the intellect and the ennobling reliance upon the great truths. Robespierre and Danton went beyond the men we allude to, though they show what such principles will tend to if their full sway is attained. Robert Owen, Mormon, Prudhon, the head of the socialists of France, and Prince, of Agapemone notoriety, may fairly be classed with Fourier as examples of these self-styled benefactors of the people. Fourier despises all civilization such as we endeavour to cultivate, calling it 'civilize gibberish,' and proposes that the inhabitants of the world should be associated in bands of 1500, which he calls 'phalanxes,' spontaneous associations without any "contract of a permanent tie, and without any engagements save those of good breeding." The married state, he says, is an "obligatory hypocrisy," and fathers ought to obey their sons; the present state of society is "a methodical treason against nature," and the "dir et development of the passions, he maintains, can only have the effect of drawing us into the paths of collective and individual happiness;" so with his casuistry, and the promise of happiness, he tries, like a Mephistopheles, to lure recruits to his 'phalanxes,' and, withal, a pretence at worship for the Deity. Morally considered, the author's views are those of a degraded 'communist,' and the Rev. translator deserves to be scourged, like

the money-changers, from his temple, if he belong to any, for promoting the publication of a book in many respects an offensive outrage upon the feelings. Philosophically speaking, the two large volumes abound with the lucubrations of a crazy ill-conditioned mind, enveloped in the haze of cynical and pedantic writing, without the merit of the usual treatises on the passions. His theory, with all the parade of its fanciful nomenclature, is but the offspring of a benighted and a grovelling spirit. The book cannot be too emphatically condemned for its debasing tendency.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adams's Guide to London, 3s. 6d.
Bird's Urinary Deposit, third edition, post 8vo, cloth, 9s.
Brady's Instructions to Executors and Administrators, thirteenth edition, 8vo, cloth, 8s.
Broomsgrove Latin Grammar, third edition, 12mo, cloth, 4s.
Buyers (T. W.) on Diseases of Human Hair, 12mo, 2s. 6d.
Crosse's (J.) Cases in Midwifery, by E. Copeman, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
De Bury's (Baroness) Germania, 2 vols., second edition, cloth, 21s.
Fysh's (Rev. F.) Literal Version of the Psalms, vol. 2, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
Galbraith's School and College Virgil, English Notes, Part I., Bucolies, 3s. 6d.
Geldart's Stories of History of Ireland, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Gilfillan's (R.) Poems and Songs, 4th edition, 12mo, cl., 5s.
Giles' (Dr.) Story Book of English History, 18mo, cloth, 2s.
Griffith's Chemistry of Four Elements, 2nd edition, cl., 4s. 6d.
Household Words, vol. 2, royal 8vo, cloth, 5s. 6d.
Kamenski's Age of Peter the Great, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.
Kelly's (Rev. J.) Apocalypse Interpreted, vol. 2, 6s.
Knowles' (Sheridan) Rock of Rome, 2nd edition, post 8vo, 5s.
Lee's (J.) Manual for Shipmasters, 4th edition, 12mo, cl., 6s.
Letters on Church Matters, vol. 1, 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Levi's (L.) Commercial Law, its Principles and Administrations, vol. 1, 4to, £3.
Little Mary's Treasury of Elementary Knowledge, new edition, 5s.
Londonderry's (Marquis) Story of Peninsular War, new edition, 5s.
May's (F.) Empyrean, and other Poems, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Napier's (Lieut.-Col.) Book of the Cape, edited by Mrs. Ward, 10s. 6d.
Night and Morning, by Bulwer Lytton, post 8vo, cloth, 4s.
Nobody's Son; or, Life and Adventures of Percival Mayberry, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Penn's (W.) Life, by W. P. Dixon, post 8vo, cloth, 12s.
Pharmacopœia Londinensis, new edition, 18mo, cloth, 5s. (8vo, cloth, 9s.)
Philips' Illustrations of London in 1851, 2s. 6d.
Pulzski's Tales and Traditions of Hungary, 3 vols., post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.
Selections from Lucian, by J. Sheridan, 12mo, roan, 7s. 6d.
Sharpe's (E.) Seven Periods of English Architecture, royal 8vo, cloth, 10s.
Smith's (J. T.) Social Self-Government, post 8vo, cl., 8s. 6d.
Tait's (W.) Serpent in the Wilderness, 18mo, cloth, 2s.
Thackwell's Second Sikh War, 2nd edition, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
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EXPERIMENTAL PROOF OF THE EARTH'S ROTATION.

EVERYBODY knows what is meant by a pendulum—in its simplest form, a weight hanging by a thread to a fixed point. Such was the pendulum experimented upon long ago by Galileo, who discovered the well-known law of isochronous vibrations, applicable to the same. The subject has since received a thorough examination, as well theoretical as practical, from mathematicians and mechanicians; and yet, strange to say, the most remarkable feature of the phenomenon has remained unobserved and wholly unsuspected until within the last few weeks, when a young and promising French physicist, M. Foucault, who was induced by certain reflections to repeat Galileo's experiments in the cellar of his mother's house at Paris, succeeded in establishing the existence of a fact connected with it which gives an immediate and visible demonstration of the earth's rotation. Suppose the pendulum already described to be set moving in a vertical plane from north to south, the plane in which it vibrates to ordinary observation would appear to be stationary. M. Foucault, however, has succeeded in showing that this is not the case, but that this plane is itself slowly moving round the fixed point as a centre in a direction contrary to the earth's rotation, i. e. with the apparent heavens, from east to west.

His experiments have since been repeated in the

hall of the Observatory, under the superintendence of M. Arago, and fully confirmed. If a pointer be attached to the weight of a pendulum suspended by a long and fine wire, capable of turning round in all directions, and nearly in contact with the floor of a room, the line which this pointer appears to trace on the ground, and which may easily be followed by a chalk mark, will be found to be slowly, but visibly, and constantly moving round like the hand of a watch dial; and the least consideration will show that this ought to be the case, and will excite astonishment that so simple a consequence as this is, of the most elementary laws of geometry and mechanics, should so long have remained unobserved. To make the matter clear, imagine that the experiment is being carried on at either of the earth's poles, so that the point of suspension may be conceived as lying in the prolongation of the earth's axis. This point will remain stationary, and the bob of the pendulum will be attracted by the earth in motion no otherwise than it would be by the earth at rest; ergo, the pendulum will move in *space* just as if the earth under it were at rest; consequently, to a spectator at rest on the earth it will appear to turn round from east to west for precisely the same reason as the sun and stars appear so to do, and if it were not for the resistance of the air, the torsion of the string, and other retarding causes, and the motion of the pendulum could be kept up long enough, at the end of four-and-twenty hours the plane of vibration would appear to have described a complete revolution. The above supposed experiment will be fathomed most readily by conceiving the bob of the pendulum to be at first hanging down vertically at rest, and to be set in motion by a blow in a transverse direction—the effect, however, will not be sensibly different, although rather more difficult to follow in the explanation if the pendulum be supposed to be let fall by its own weight from an oblique position. If the same experiment were made at the equator, two extreme cases may be imagined: 1, that the motion commences in the plane of the equator; 2, in the meridian plane. In the former case, the rotation of the earth, which carries the point of suspension onwards in the same plane in which the ball commences moving, will obviously have no effect in changing the position of the plane. In the second case, it will be seen on a little consideration that the plane of vibration will get pushed forward during half an oscillation, and backwards during the remaining half, and consequently its mean position never alters; and as in the two extreme cases no displacement results, it is easily concluded that at the equator, however the pendulum first begins to swing, it will keep on always vibrating in the same plane. So much for the pole and the equator, but we are more interested in knowing what ought to take place at an intermediate point in the earth's surface, as in our own latitude. To ascertain this, we may have recourse to a geometrical principle, which shows that, for the purposes of calculation, the rotation of the earth, as affecting the observed phenomenon, may be considered as made up of two parts:—one, the same as if the pole of the earth ran straight through the plane of observation; the other, as if the pole of the earth were ninety degrees from the plane of observation. This latter, by what has been said about the equator, will produce no effect at all; the whole of the actual effect observed will depend, therefore, upon the former part of the rotation, the rate of which is proportional to the sine of the latitude of the place, being nothing at the equator, and greatest at the pole. Accordingly, the time that the pendulum would take (if its motion could be kept up) to describe a whole revolution is inversely as the sine of the latitude. Supposing that this very slow movement could be nicely enough observed, and allowance made for the effect of torsion, resistance of the air, and other disturbing causes, a simple swinging weight would enable an observer, provided with a tolerable watch, or, indeed, without any watch at all, by comparing the displacement of the plane of vibration, after a given number of oscillations, with the length of the string, to make out his latitude if he were carried blindfold into a cellar in any unknown quarter of the

globe. The explanation above given of this most interesting phenomenon is substantially that stated by M. Liouville, at a recent meeting of the Institute. He has added the curious remark (which will be immediately appreciated by returning to the standard use of the experiment at the pole, and bearing in mind that for that position the string will itself be revolving about its own axis,) that a feather attached to the pendulum weight will continue always to point to the same quarter of the compass, *i. e.*, will remain parallel to itself, because as much as it is carried out in one direction by the movement of the plane of the pendulum, so far it will be carried back in the contrary direction by the rotation of the ball itself. This is likewise confirmed by experiment. The eminent geometer, Chasles, has suggested another mode of explanation similar to that by which the movement of the trade winds is explained, founded upon the velocity of the ball when it begins to move (supposing it be started from north to south), and which it preserves throughout, being greater than that of the several points of the earth which it traverses during an oscillation.

The effect of the rotation of the earth in influencing the movement of a body perfectly free has long been discussed by mathematicians, and, particularly of late years, treated with considerable detail. Again, Poisson has devoted a memoir to the study of the same effect upon a body constrained to move in a curve, and shown it to be insensible. The intermediate case of a body not perfectly free, nor yet constrained to move in a curve, but having liberty of moving anywhere in a sphere about a fixed point, seems to have escaped notice, and yet is, as we have seen, the most curious of all, giving a direct proof of the earth's rotation, by an experiment which any person may repeat for himself in his own study. The great point to notice, and which is not so readily seized by M. Chasles' mode of explanation as by M. Liouville's, is, that the effect, although small, is accumulative in its nature, going on always increasing in the same sense, and thereby becomes amenable to observation. The universal remark which this discovery elicits from all to whom it is repeated for the first time, is unjustly, but naturally enough, not so much of praise to M. Foucault, for his ingenuity and trust in first principles in making the experiment, as wonder at the blindness of the mathematical and physical world on this point for the last two centuries that the pendulum has been treated of under every variety of form. M. Binet was at the pains of going into a long written dynamical investigation of the circumstances of the movement, before the Institute, which was generally considered to be a "luxury of demonstration." Other physicists have employed themselves more profitably in varying the experiment. M. Bravais has contrived a very ingenious mechanism for communicating a perfectly circular movement to an oblique (or conical pendulum, as it is termed), and proposes to bring into evidence the same fact as M. Foucault has so beautifully exhibited, by comparing the times of revolution in the two cases, when the ball of such a pendulum moves from east to west, and from west to east; and as this kind of motion may be continued for the space of one or two hours, the effect of the earth's rotation in accelerating the apparent time of revolution in the one case, and retarding it in the other, may be made very perceptible.

The excellent and veteran geometer, M. Poinso, the Nestor of the Institute, has suggested another extremely ingenious, but perhaps not very practical, variation of the experiment, to consist of two bodies, suspended at apparent rest to the same point, and capable of being separated by the action of a strong spring interposed between them, which at the beginning of the experiment is prevented from acting by a thread, or any other means. On burning this thread, or in any other way liberating the spring, the balls will of course fly asunder. This is all that would take place if the earth were at rest; but the earth being in motion, the balls from the very beginning have the same motion as the point of the earth where they are suspended,

which is of course the reason why they appear at rest. Now on the balls flying apart by a well-known law of mechanics, inasmuch as the *vis viva* will not be altered by the action of the spring, but the distance from the axis of motion is increased, the velocity will slacken, and consequently being no longer the same as that of the earth, the plane of the two strings will, at the same moment as they open out, be seen itself to move and twist round in a direction contrary to that of the earth's rotation, and thus the latent rotation of the balls which they share with the globe of the earth may be made sensible. The subject has created a great sensation in the mathematical and physical circles of Paris. It is proposed to obtain permission from the Government to carry on further observations by means of a pendulum suspended from the dome of the Pantheon, length of suspension being a desideratum in order to make the result visible on a larger scale, and secure greater constancy and duration in the experiment. The time required for the performance of a complete revolution of the plane of vibration, would be about 32 hours 8 minutes for the parallel of Paris, 30 hours 40 minutes for that of London, and at 30 degrees from the equator exactly 48 hours. Certainly any one who should have proposed not many weeks back to prove the rotation of the earth upon which we stand, by means of direct experiment made upon its surface, would have run the risk, with the mob of gentlemen who write upon mechanics, of being thought as mad as if he were to have proposed reviving Bishop Wilkins' notable plan for going to the North American colonies in a few hours by rising in a balloon from the earth, and gently floating in the air until the earth should, in its diurnal rotation, have turned the desired quarter towards the suspended aeronaut, whereupon as gently to descend. So necessary and wholesome is it occasionally to reconsider the apparently simplest and best established conclusions of science.

HANS CHRISTIAN OERSTED.

WE little anticipated in November last, when relating the installation of this eminent Danish philosopher in his new honorary residence at Fredericksburg, vacated by the poet Oehlenschläger, that we should so soon have to record the intelligence of his participation in the common lot of mortality. Professor Oersted has not long been permitted to enjoy the reward to which he looked forward, of employing his remaining health and strength in that delightful spot for the advancement of science and the welfare of his country. He died on the 9th instant, after a few days' illness, in the 74th year of his age. Professor Oersted was born in 1777, at Rudkjøping, where he received his early education along with his brother Anders Sandøe Oersted, a distinguished senator of Denmark, and for some years one of the ministers of state. Their father was an apothecary in the above-named town, and Oersted was sent to Copenhagen to study medicine. After completing his course of pharmacy, he directed his powers to the study of natural philosophy, and greatly distinguished himself in that science, of which he subsequently became University Professor. Oersted will be long remembered on account of his grand discovery of electro-magnetism, which led, in the hands of Professor Wheatstone, to the subsequent development of the electric telegraph. In 1807 he wrote a work, reviving the hypothesis of the identity of magnetism and electricity, in which he arrived at the following conclusion—that "in galvanism the force is more latent than in electricity, and still more so in magnetism than in galvanism; it is necessary, therefore, to try whether electricity, in its latent state, will not affect the magnetic needle." No experiment appears, however, to have been made to determine the question until 1820, when Oersted placed a magnetic needle within the influence of a wire connecting the extremities with a voltaic battery. The voltaic current was now, for the first time, observed to produce a deviation of the magnetic needle

in different directions, and in different degrees, according to the relative situation of the wire and needle. By subsequent experiment Oersted proved that the wire became, during the time the battery was in action, magnetic, and that it affected a magnetic needle through glass, and every other non-conducting body, but that it had no action on a needle similarly suspended, that was not magnetic. To Professor Oersted is also due the important discovery, that electro-magnetic effects do not depend upon the intensity of the electricity, but solely on its quantity. By these discoveries an entirely new branch of science was established—electro-magnetism—and all the great advances which have been made in our knowledge of the laws which regulate the magnetic forces in their action upon matter, are to be referred to the discovery by Oersted, that by an electric current magnetism could be induced. Professor Oersted promulgated a theory of light, in which he referred luminous phenomena to electricity in motion; it has not, however, been favourably received.

One of the most important observations first made by Oersted, and since then confirmed by others, was, that a body falling from a height not only fell a little to the east of the true perpendicular—which is, no doubt, due to the earth's motion—but that it fell to the south of that line; the cause of this is at present unexplained. It is, no doubt, connected with some great phenomena of gravitation which yet remain to be discovered. At the meeting of the British Association at Southampton, Professor Oersted communicated to the Chemical Section some curious examples of the influence of time in determining chemical change, as shown in the action of mercury upon glass in hermetically sealed vessels.

The character of Professor Oersted's mind was essentially searching and minute; thus he observed results which escaped detection in the hands of those who took more general and enlarged views of natural phenomena. To this was due the discovery of electro-magnetism, which will for ever connect the name of Oersted with the history of inductive science.

As Director of the Polytechnic Institution of Copenhagen, of which he was the founder, and of the Society for the Diffusion of Natural Sciences, and as Perpetual Secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences since 1815, his labours were unceasing and of great benefit to his country. He was for many years attached to the Military College of Cadets of Copenhagen, and only resigned when he could be succeeded by one of his own pupils. His manners and demeanour were extremely modest and unobtrusive. Our Royal Society awarded Oersted the high distinction of the Copley Medal for his discovery in electro-magnetism, and the Academy of Sciences of Paris presented him with their Gold Medal. Both Societies elected him a Foreign Member.

Dr. Wallich, the eminent Danish botanist, to whom we are indebted for some portion of the above memoir, informs us that Professor Oersted had just completed the second edition of his last work, 'The Spirit in Nature.'

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

WHEN, a few weeks ago, we gave insertion (p. 133) to a good-natured defence of the British Museum, against a singular attack made upon that establishment by an eccentric gentleman whose letters have been printed in a contemporary journal, we fully hoped that the assailant would be induced to institute an inquiry into the value of his assertions and comments. So far, however, from doing this, he has repeated the offence. By dint of a little travelling, and much hard reading in blue books, he has got together sundry supposed facts in favour of his random assertions. Why these letters were written at all, and what they aim at, is a mystery. To qualify a man for commenting on a Museum of Natural History, a competent knowledge of the science, or at least of some of its branches, is required. Before offering strictures in the tone assumed in these letters, a certain amount of scientific repu-

tation is also usually demanded. That neither the one nor the other appertains to 'Charles Kidd, M.D.,' is an assertion on our part which we confidently affirm no naturalist of any repute will deny.

The British, like most, if not all museums, has its faults, and there is ample room for improvement, and for making that truly national institution more nationally useful. The merits of the natural history collections there, however, far outweigh their defects, and taking those collections altogether they present the greatest accumulation of accessible materials for natural history research brought together in any institution in the world. When we say accessible materials, naturalists will at once understand that good order and facilities for study, as well as quantity of matter, are implied. We may cavil at the details of arrangement pursued in one or other of the subdivisions, but however we may differ in opinion respecting *minutiae*, or even the general plan, we should be wanting in candour not to admit at once and fully the pre-eminence of the British among European museums.

The qualifications of Charles Kidd, M.D., to judge either of the extent or of the classification of collections at home and abroad, are curiously exhibited in his strange and bizarre enumerations of animal and mineral bodies. These speak for themselves. His zoological knowledge is curiously displayed in his confusion of species and specimens, when remarking on the mammalia; in his sapient remark, "it has been objected that we have an overabundance of cats, rats, and other 'small deer,' but it is rather difficult to please all tastes, for even these are not without scientific value;" in observations on the puzzling characters of small birds; in the novel idea of "shells ascending from the first dawn of conchological life to the most perfect and beautiful bivalve;" and in the freshness with which he "has been just informed that the invertebrate classes are the embryos of the vertebrate."

We fear Charles Kidd, M.D., attended lectures at Paris to little purpose. His statements, that the British Museum collection of mammals is inferior to that in Paris, and that of shells to the one in Leyden, are blunders upon which, had he consulted any zoologist versed in the respective sections of his science concerned, he would have been set right at once. When he suggests, that the mineralogical department "ought to contain all the fossils not required to supply the extinct links in the series of existing species," he is evidently unaware that such is the plan and practice in the British Museum; whether for the best is another question. When he writes of that old, well-known, and often-cited inhabitant of the British Museum, the Guadaloupe fossil human skeleton, as "a similar fossil (to one in Paris) lately put up in the British Museum," he reveals the novelty of his studies there, and the small extent of his reading, even in elementary works on geology, wherein this particular instance has been cited *ad nauseam*. When he writes of "various fossils of the quadrumana well arranged" in the Paris collection, as if they were plentiful as blackberries, he is evidently unaware that not more than a dozen of so many kinds of fossil quadrumana have ever been discovered, that of most of these only one or two fragments are preserved, and that some three or four fragments are the most the Paris collections can show. Such language as "the tribe of the *felis* division," "chats of De Blainville in beautiful perfection," "chiens, some as if dug up yesterday," speaks for itself, and serves to expose the writer's unfamiliarity with scientific diction or the meaning of the labels he so sedulously copied, and after jumbling them together in his pocket-book, reproduced as the ground-work of letters, the presence of which, in a journal of repute, gives them an air of importance of which they are quite unworthy.

Since gentlemen commenting on the arrangements of scientific institutions are bound to make themselves acquainted with the sciences to which those establishments are devoted, the intensity of the interest felt by Charles Kidd, M.D., in common with all the world, in the progress of the Industrial Museum in Hyde Park is no excuse for his intrusion on the public of crude, rambling, and uninformed

remarks on matters in which he is too obviously unversed. Mis-statements such as these, at a time when general attention is directed towards national exhibitions, may do mischief even where none is intended,—and we have deemed it necessary to speak out thus distinctly respecting these ill-advised letters.

DR. J. D. HOOKER.

WE learn, from intelligence forwarded with the letters *via* Trieste, that this eminent botanist and pupil of Humboldt accompanies the overland mail, which left Calcutta on the 7th ultimo, and is expected on Monday at Southampton. Dr. Hooker left England in November 1847, with Lord Dalhousie's suite, having been appointed by government to investigate the vegetable productions of Himalayan India, and he has been prosecuting his philosophic researches with vigorous success in the neighbourhood of Darjeeling, and the great Table Land of Thibet. The remarkable ability with which Dr. Hooker worked out the flora of the south circumpolar islands, from materials collected by him during the Antarctic Expedition of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, under the command of Sir James Ross, induces us to look with high interest to the results of his present mission.

VARIETIES.

Royal Italian Opera.—This house is announced to open on this day week, with what opera has not yet transpired, so that we may expect one of the stock pieces. Some important changes have been made in the conduct of affairs and in the *troupe*. The republic of *artistes* gives place to the sole dictatorship of Mr. Frederick Gye, who has proved himself an astute and practical manager. The company has been judiciously pruned, however painful the parting with the veteran Tamburini, and Massol, the baritones, Lavia, the tenor; and some others of minor note. The place of the *contralto principale* will be yielded by Mdle. de Meric to Mdme. Angri, than whom none is more efficient as a dramatic singer in her parts. Grisi and Viardot will continue their sway, each in her rôle unrivalled; Mario and Tamberlik, similarly excellent, will remain the tenors; and Ronconi will, for the first time, enable us to appreciate his extraordinary *repertoire*; Formes and Polonini will also continue as chief basses; the chorus and orchestra as last season. Beethoven's *Fidelio* will be produced for the first time on the Italian stage, and *Sappho*, by Gounod, the new composer, with Viardot, will also be performed.

Princess's Theatre.—A new piece of 'thrilling interest,' entitled *Pauline*, has been produced this week with success, owing mainly to the excellent acting of Mr. and Mrs. Kean. It is thoroughly French. The incidents are of the most melodramatic kind,—rapid, improbable, and exciting.

Paganini.—It was said just before the death of this great musician that he burned nearly all his MS. compositions. This is not the case; the greater part of them were stolen from him by, it is supposed, some enthusiastic admirer, who, it is hoped, will one day give them to the world. The rest descended to his son. The son has, we learn, just arranged with a music publisher of Paris to bring out nine of the latter. They consist of *fantasies* and variations, full of that wild and indescribable charm which the renowned violinist threw into all his original compositions.

Professorship of Archaeology.—A grace has been offered to the University of Cambridge to accept the proposal of John Disney, Esq., to give 1000*l.* 3 per cents. for establishing a chair, to be called the Disney Professorship of Classical Antiquities, the lecturer to be an M.A., or of higher degree, and to give not less than six lectures during the academical year, on antiquarian research and the fine arts, the office to be tenable for five years with the privilege of re-election. Mr. Disney gave to the Fitzwilliam Museum the collection of ancient marbles which is named after him, and it is proposed that he shall be professor for his lifetime, the appointment afterwards to rest with the vice-chancellor and heads of colleges.

The Society of Antiquaries of Copenhagen.—This above all others has the claim to be royal, for we observe that their anniversary meeting was held at the palace of Christiansborg, on the 15th ult. the President, his majesty the King, in the chair. The new volumes of the *Journal and Annals* of the Society were presented, and it was announced that the printing of the second volume of the '*Antiquités Russes et Orientales*' was proceeding without interruption. The museum had been increased during the year by 132 donations and acquisitions, and the Society numbered now 464 members. The King described and illustrated with drawings and plans the excavations which he had caused to be made during the past summer in the ruins of the Castles of Soborg and Adserbo, in the north of Seeland.

The Palæontographical Society will hold their anniversary meeting at the apartments of the Geological Society, Somerset House, on Monday, at 2 o'clock. The remainder of the books for 1850, and those for 1851, will be ready for delivery at the latter end of the ensuing month, to members who have paid their subscriptions for the past and current years.

Government Schools of Design.—The annual exhibition of the works of the students of the head school and the branch schools established throughout the provinces, is this year opened at Marlborough-house, where they are far more advantageously seen than at their usual locality. The students appear to have been exerting themselves to make a display that will do credit to the national taste in matters connected so especially with the manufactures, and this, attended as it is with considerable improvement and originality, is the more satisfactory, on account of the many criticising visitors of other nations who will scrutinize the productions of the school. Some of the most beautiful designs are those for carpets, by Miss Louisa Gunn, who is equally successful in designs for lace-work and marqueterie. Miss F. Collins exhibits some admirable patterns for chintz; Miss Eliza Mills, a very beautiful wreath of fruit and flowers, suitable for decoration; Miss Charity Palmer and Miss Ashworth must be mentioned for their designs for lace and muslin dresses. The ladies bear the palm certainly, though there are some good designs for laces, by J. Rawlings, J. Cuthbert, and C. Dresser, the last named having obtained also the prize for a design for china dessert service; for papers, E. Ireland, A. Town, and Groves, show good designs. In architecture there is not much to be proud of, and the figure drawings are not above mediocrity, though we are glad to find evidence of the study of the skeleton as well as of the muscles, being more rigidly enforced by the masters. The contributions from the country schools are many of them creditable, but very inferior to those from the pupils of the head school. The exhibition is altogether very interesting, and well deserves to be seen with the sights of London.

Origen.—In a recent sitting of the Académie des Belles Lettres, at Paris, M. Villemain announced the discovery and publication, by the librarian of the National Assembly, of some of the writings of this distinguished member of the ancient church, in refutation of heresy. In them, it appears, Origen traces the heresies which prevailed in his time (the first half of the third century) to the doctrines and writings of the Pagan philosophers, and throws great light on ancient manners, literature, and philosophy.

International Copyright.—The unsettled state of this important question leads not only to dispute and litigation in England, but, as we learn from a correspondent at New York, to very disreputable quarrels in America, where the common practice of literary piracy bears its natural demoralizing fruits. According to our informant, it seems that a race of competition in publishing has been run for several years between the house of Harper Brothers and that of Mr. G. P. Putnam, which came recently to a climax, in consequence of rival reprints of Miss Bremer's works, first pirated in a Boston newspaper, and thence reprinted, in various

ways, after the American fashion, every pirate pretending to the copyright in his robbery. Thus stood the matter when Mr. Putnam, in November, 1848, agreed with an English publisher for an early copy of a certain work, which interposed to prevent that gentleman from acceding to an offer made by Harper Brothers for a similar accommodation. To remedy this disappointment, Messrs. Harpers announced a reprint of this same book, and, as it is asserted, took very extraordinary means to accomplish their purpose. Mr. Putnam and his friends publicly accuse them of having tampered with a man in Mr. Putnam's employment, with the charge of the wholesale department, to furnish them with a copy of his edition the moment it was off the press.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ p.m.—British Architects, 8 p.m.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—Zoological, 9 p.m.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Geological, 8½ p.m.—(J. Cleghorn, Esq., on the Boulder Clay of Caithness.—Joshua Trimmer, Esq., on the Tertiary Erratics of Cheshire.—Professor Ramsay on the Sequence of Events during the Glacial or Pleistocene Period.)
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 p.m.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.—(Mr. Nevil Story Maskelyne on the Connexion of Chemical Forces with the Polarization of Light.)
Saturday.—Medical, 8 p.m.

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TO VISITORS TO THE CONTINENT AND TO ARTISTS.—Messrs. J. and R. McCracken, Foreign Agents, and Agents to the Royal Academy, No. 7, Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility, Gentry, and Artists, that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c., from all parts of the Continent for clearing through the Custom Houses, &c., and that they undertake the Shipment of Effects to all parts of the world.

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